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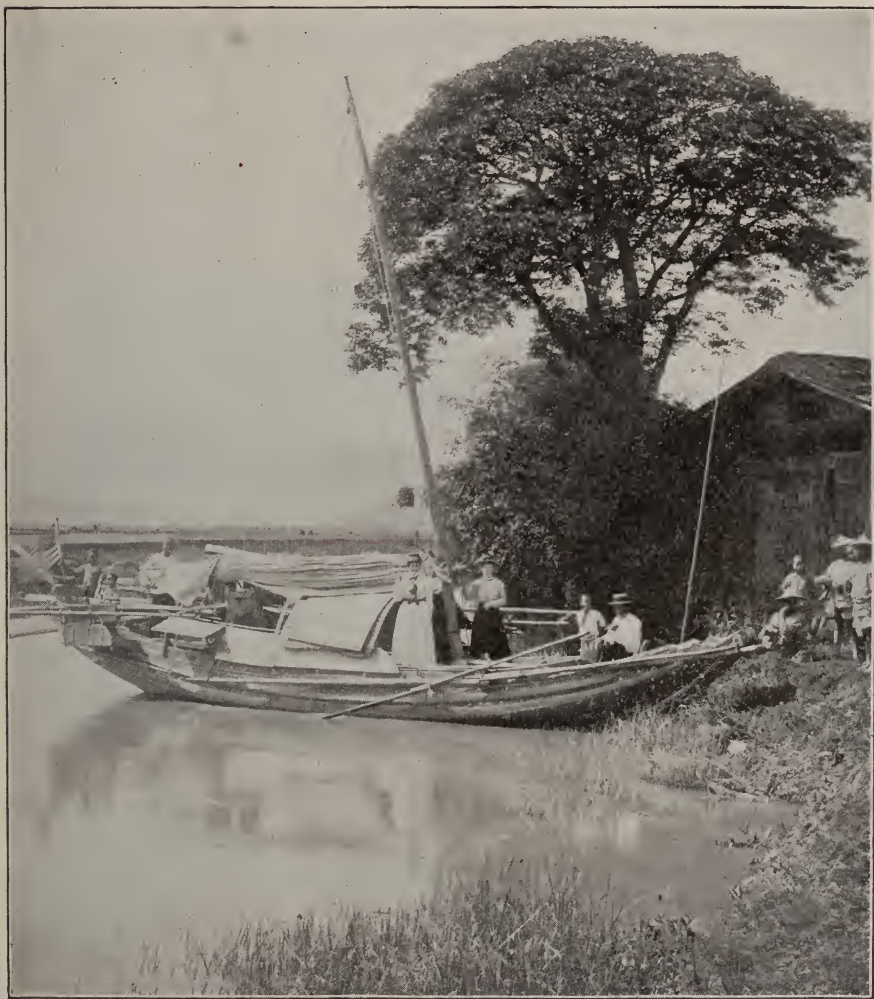
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Life and Light for Woman.

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DIONG-LOK LANDING, WITH MISS BORTS AND MISS HARTWELL IN THE GOSPEL SAMPAN.

CHINA.

A VISIT TO PAGODA ANCHORAGE AND OUTSTATIONS.

BY MRS. CONSUL GRACEY, FOOCHOW, CHINA.

IT has been my wish for a long time, in fact ever since I lived in Foochow, to visit some of the outstations of our mission and see something of their work, and this week I have had the pleasure of going with Miss Hartwell on an interesting trip.

We left Pagoda Anchorage in the "Gospel Sampan" at 9.30 on the morning of June 3d, and sailed up a narrow creek, a tributary of the Min River, beneath the fairest of June skies and through scenes of quiet beauty. About noon we arrived at our landing place, where we were to take our sedans. I had brought my chair-bearers with me, and Miss Hartwell had sent ahead for two more for herself, so we were soon ready for our two hours' ride. The landing is at Diong-löh (Lasting Delight), a district capital containing twenty thousand inhabitants.

Our way leads by a narrow city street outside the city wall, out into the country, through a pass, to the other side of a mountain range, and looking down into a broad valley. The rice fields in their daintiest green are surrounded by mountains, whose foothills are covered with many fruit trees intermingled with spruce. There are the pomelo, the peach, the arbutus, the lichee and the orange, while cactus hedges guard many a garden, and the green plumes of the palm nod in the soft breeze. Our path winds through the rice fields. Here is a rest-house, and the coolies stop to refresh themselves with a cup of tea, and Miss Hartwell does not forget her opportunity to tell her mission. Her "Bing-ang, bing-ang" (Peace, peace)—the Christian salutation—is very sweet to hear as she gives it to all alike, Christian or heathen. We are ready to go on, but one of the coolies calls out, "Nò can; have got dead man." I say "Maskee" (Never mind), so on we go. After going a few rods he calls out with warning voice, "Miss-sis-see must catchee hand-chef," so I cover my nose just in time to escape the worst. We pass the dead beggar in his poor lattice work coffin, around which the big flies are buzzing, and out into the open country,—it never seemed sweeter!

In the jasmine gardens women and girls with small baskets are gathering the flowers, one by one. These are carefully dried and mixed with tea, to give it a fine odor and flavor. In the midst of these gardens of U-nang stands the home of one of the native preachers, where there is a woman's

station class taught by his mother. Here we alight, and although unexpected, receive a warm welcome from both teacher and class. We enter to find eleven women and girls sitting around a rude Chinese table, on hard stools, preparing their lessons, all studying aloud, as is the Chinese custom. It is about three o'clock, and as we are to rest here for the night, we retire to a room reserved for the missionaries, refresh ourselves, and then Miss Hartwell begins her inspection of the month's work. I listen with much interest while they read from their "Bible picture book" and then give the story in their own words of "Moses and the tables of stone," "Caleb and Joshua," "Ruth and Naomi." Then follow recitation of the Commandments and several portions of the New Testament. They are much in earnest, and



MRS. GRACEY AND THE CONSULATE COOLIES.

when Miss Hartwell asks me to say a few words to them I cannot refuse, and tell them of the "King's Daughters" in far-off America, my home-land, who with them are trying to do His commandments, and of one circle which has for its motto, "Do one kind act every day." I do not tell them of the carelessness of some of our Christian people, but I wonder how much faith they would have in us if they knew.

At six o'clock we sent our coolies before us with our supper, and ate it on the top of a big boulder near our chapel. We hardly found time to eat, however, there was so much to see with such a panorama spread out before us, which was constantly hidden behind fresh groups of Chinese who flocked

from every quarter and fastened their eyes on the two foreign women ; and when the sun went down behind the hills it left us with over a hundred Chinese around us. Night was falling, and we reluctantly took our way down and were soon in our rest-house. I was very tired and retired, but Miss Hartwell was busy far into the night examining the work, paying the teacher, giving the women their small allowance and attending evening prayers. A cot from Pagoda had been provided for me and I was soon in the land of dreams, nor did I wake until the sun was peeping over the hills. We breakfasted at half past six, and after presents of jasmine flowers and much "chin chinning," took our chairs amidst the firing of crackers, little and big, and left this lowly, but hospitable roof. It was one of the few mornings when the air was cool and fresh. Our way lay across rice fields, where men were busy either setting the plants for the second crop, or stirring the black mud about the plants with their hands as they knelt in the water. Women were gathering jasmine, and many children were carrying the crimson arbutus in baskets to the nearest village market.

As we neared a village the little children cried, "Ka-li, ka-li" (Come quick, come quick), and from doors and alleyways came women, boys and girls, with gay-colored trousers in red, green and purple, in unmatched frocks, hurrying forward to catch a glimpse of the foreign ladies as they pass, and Miss Hartwell's "Bing-ang, bing-ang" came often to my ear. I wished that I could understand their language, and be able to speak to them. A little farther on through the dirty street we came to a turn, went down an alley, and entered a day school. It was early and few had gathered, but we learned of two women who wished to come to the Woman's School ; and a letter was handed Miss Hartwell from another village, asking her to establish a station class there.

Now we go on again, and as we near Diong-löh we visit the grounds which have been purchased by our Board for Miss Borts' new Girls' School building. She hopes to have it inclosed by a wall this year. It is on a hill and is a lovely spot, with mountains in the distance on every side. As we descend the hill and enter the city we stop at the station class just opened by Miss Hartwell. We find eight women in the class, all with bound feet, as they are just beginning to learn the better way. Two of them are widows with children to support, and able at best to earn but a few cents a day. As one of them was just prepared to give away one of her daughters, it was arranged that each of these two widows should send a daughter to Miss Borts' school at Pagoda. This means two more girls saved from heathenism at the cost of only ten dollars apiece each year. As we leave the class we feel happier, for three of the women, besides one of these two girls, have agreed to let out

their feet at once ; an act of real courage, for they will meet much derision from their neighbors.

As we ride through the main street of the city a woman calls out to Miss Hartwell, who understands that she would like to visit her house some day ; but when we reach the church we find her still behind our chairs, and she has run all the way to ask if she may come to the Woman's School. We alight at a large building erected for an ancestral hall, but as the funds gave out before it was finished, the American Board rented it for a church and parsonage and day school. There is also a "chamber over the gate" for any missionaries who may like to rest there while out touring. The hall is built around a garden, where we overlook the pomegranate and other blos-



THE DIONG-LOK WOMAN'S STATION CLASS.

The teacher sits in the center, and the two widows are seated one on either side of the teacher.

soms as we eat our tiffin on a covered veranda. We meet the pastor's family and a Bible woman who has come to report her work to Miss Hartwell, and also brings a few women with her whom she has brought in to church services. We are received and sent off amidst the popping of firecrackers, which seems to give the people much pleasure.

As we passed out through the city and once more came into the fresh country air, we decided that the weather had been made on purpose for us, so different had it been from the hot or rainy trips Miss Hartwell had taken before.

Arrived at the creek we found our sampan waiting for us, and sailed quietly down, until at 4 P. M. of June 4th we found ourselves again at Pagoda, tired but very well satisfied with our trip.



MRS. MARY E. BISSELL.

INDIA.

FIFTY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

MRS. MARY E. BISSELL.

[ON the twenty-seventh day of August, 1851, Mrs. Lemuel Bissell landed in India to begin her life-work as foreign missionary. Friends in India and elsewhere have joined in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the day, and we gladly give a large portion of this magazine to tributes which have come to us of the great work she has done in her adopted country. We shall hope to give an account of the celebration in Ahmednagar in due time.]

OUR MOTHER BISSELL.

BY REV. TUKARAM NATHOJEE.

Pastor of A. B. C. F. M. Church in Bombay.

[TRANSLATED.]

ONE who has had no experience in the matter would be unlikely to understand how much more difficult a land India is to work for than most pagan countries. It is as difficult to secure any fruits of missionary efforts in India as it would be to reap a harvest from a soil in which there were beds of solid rock. The missionaries who labor in this land have many

difficulties to encounter, and among them that of living constantly in a tropical climate, which is injurious to the health. The grace of being able to spend fifty years in a country like India had so far been dropped into the lap of but one of our missionaries, namely, Dr. Fairbank, now in heaven. Of our missionary ladies, this blessing has fallen to the lot of our revered Mrs. Bissell. For this we are unspeakably grateful to the Lord. Since the work of this American mission was started in Western India, the number of its ladies has exceeded that of the gentlemen by one half. Of this large body of women workers only Mrs. Bissell has, up to this time, had the privilege of seeing the jubilee of her mission service. That this special favor has been shown to her is a great cause for gratitude to the Christian community in Western India.

Mrs. Bissell came to India with her husband in 1851. At that time the work of this mission had developed but little. When she came there were but two churches in our mission, and about sixty or seventy-five believers. Now in this her jubilee year there are, in connection with the American Marathi Mission, forty-nine churches and eight thousand seven hundred and fourteen individuals connected with them. Mrs. Bissell now can see Christian workers of the third generation around her. They who years ago were little children she now sees as pastors,



REV. TUKARAM NATHOJEE.

teachers and workers in charge of other important posts. One of the poor little boys in the lowest class of the school at the time Mrs. Bissell came to Ahmednagar, in 1861, is the writer of these lines, and is pastor of Bombay church. For all this he is humbly grateful to God and gladly writes of Mrs. Bissell.

For fifty years she has been working for our people. Because of the love for them with which she is filled, the Christians of India love her devotedly. In all stations of the American Mission there are old workers who have felt the strength of her love for them. If Mrs. Bissell should now go to any mission station, she would find few there whom she did not know or who did not love her. Of Mrs. Bissell we Christians all feel that she cares for us as a mother.

At the time that the work of this mission was started there was great opposition to the education of women. At such a time to organize and carry on a girls' school, to teach the girls what they needed to know, and prepare them to make happy Christian homes, was no light undertaking. Still, by carrying on this work with courage and by great efforts, Mrs. Bissell has brought happiness to many Christian homes. If this subject were considered all by itself, there would be found everywhere living monuments to her name. Reading, writing, sewing, the conduct of the home economically and yet happily, this knowledge our women have acquired, and therefore we now find in our Christian community educated wives, loving mothers and earnest sisters working for their country.

Women naturally have sweet voices, but how to use the gift of singing aright, and to have sacred hymns on their tongues, this they needed to be taught. Mrs. Bissell has been fond of teaching singing. Much of her time she has spent in teaching boys and girls to sing her own and other hymns. She used to be the one to start a hymn during services. The boys and girls whom she thus taught then are now leaders in the churches, and of course they love their mother.

When Mrs. Bissell first came no one had heard of medical missions. There were few doctors. When there was sickness among the poor, Mrs. Bissell would go and help in every way she could. For this purpose she studied homœopathy, and kept some medicines on hand. Her remedies were ever useful to the women and children.

To give comfort in sorrow, advice in perplexity, help in poverty, these are the things that win the name of "friend." From childhood up we have seen these things in Mrs. Bissell's character, and Indian Christians are not so ungrateful as to fail to return love for them.

All men are fallible. Even the Apostle Peter fell; and what can be

expected of a recent convert from Hinduism? He who has fallen needs a loving hand to help him, and such a hand Mrs. Bissell has often stretched out to the man or the woman who had gone astray.

Mrs. Bissell lives for the Indian Christians.* In their sorrows, troubles, perplexities, she has ever been ready to help them, and therefore the whole Christian community loves and esteems her. That this loving worker, this revered mother who, with her whole heart, works day and night for the Christians of India, has been allowed to live for fifty years amongst us is a matter of deepest gratitude to God on the part of us all. With the prayer that the Almighty may yet spare her to live many years among us to work for his glory, I bring these few lines to a close.

A GLIMPSE OF MRS. LEMUEL BISSELL IN 1901.

BY MRS. CHARLES HARDING, SHOLAPUR, INDIA.

Now, let us see Mrs. Bissell as she is to-day, fifty years after her arrival in India, with her more than threescore years and ten! We marvel that the years have laid their hand so lightly upon her, at her quick step, and her hair still of such a glossy black, at her physical endurance and her long-continued active life. We wonder, too, that aside from her many home duties, and the care and guidance of seventeen Bible-women and more, she can still look after her large district, with its pastors and catechists, its nine schools with their teachers and pupils, the latter including a goodly number of orphans. We know that the secret of this remarkable term of service is a hearty love for the work and God's blessing on the dear worker, else how could she have borne all her sad loneliness and added burdens without the aid and loving sympathy of the beloved companion of her life for forty years!

Almost any day, if we enter Mrs. Bissell's home at Ahmednagar,—the "Brick House," as it is called,—we shall find men, women and children standing around, schoolgirls here, preachers and teachers there, all waiting for "four words" with Mrs. Bissell. Some have come for medicine, others for pecuniary help, still others for counsel and sympathy, so that Mrs. Bissell's mind and heart are taxed to the utmost, though she is helped in it by two daughters who share the home with her. On going up the steps onto the veranda and into the adjoining rooms, we still find persons here and there longing to have a few words with the kind, motherly heart! The wonder is where the moments of rest come in.

Three times a week, at noon, Mrs. Bissell meets her Christian women

* Literally translated this sentence would read, "The Indian Christians are Mrs. Bissell's life and soul."

and others who come together for Bible study and prayer. I have often been present in these interesting companies, and have watched the women with their pleasant faces—have heard their quick answers to the Bible questions put to them, and have joined in their hymns of praise and listened to their earnest prayers. One fact of special interest in connection with this Bible work is the starting of classes for Bible study in the different parts of the city of Ahmednagar, with one or two Bible women as teachers for each class, and all under Mrs. Bissell's careful supervision. To think of so many heathen women studying God's book in that one city! What possibilities for good! "What will the harvest be!"

Then I recall some very pleasant seasons when I have been away with Mrs. Bissell to some village near Ahmednagar, to meet the Christian women, and others as well, for a Bible service. How good it was to see their interest and their appreciation in having their missionary Mother come to meet them, though she was pressed with so many cares! Still another scene I recall when I went with this same busy worker, only about six or seven months ago, to a church recently formed in her own district, about thirteen miles from Ahmednagar. I had long wanted to go and see for myself that interesting work, and when the time came I did so, and was not disappointed. The drive there was delightful, though the latter part was over a rather rough road. A good sized room, the rest-house of the village, and therefore with no wall on one side, accommodated us. A number of people from near villages had already gathered for the Sabbath service and the communion that was to follow. The Bible-reader living in the village, with his sweet-faced wife and dear children, was present, also two or three helpers who went with us. The services were full of interest: the catechizing of candidates to be received into the little church—the baptisms following—and the remarks made by those who took part in the services.

But time "fails me" to tell even a tithe of all the good this dear "Mother in Israel" has done and is doing in our mission circle: the tender sympathy and most timely help she has shown to our mission families in times of sickness and bereavement: the mothering of the wee ones who were deprived of the loving care of their own mothers at home. I am sure that if Paul were to-day writing to the church at Ahmednagar he would say, "Salute the beloved Mary, who labored much in the Lord, for she hath been a succorer of many." God bless the "great-heart!" The Lord recompense her work, "and a full reward be given" her for her long years of faithful labor, and the Lord be pleased to spare her, who is so necessary to us all, for *many more* years to come!

THE DAUGHTERS.

MRS. BISSELL has the great blessing of having her two daughters with her in her India home, both engaged heart and soul in the work she loves,—Miss Emily Bissell at the head of our Girls' Boarding School in Ahmednagar, and Dr. Julia Bissell as a medical missionary. The Boarding School now has three hundred and thirty-nine pupils, of whom one hundred and sixty-three are boarders, and is the largest school for girls in India. A year ago a class of girls in rug-weaving was added, of whom forty are already finding employment in the rug-weaving factory in the city. It is thought to be the most successful venture of the kind in the city. English is taught up to the Fifth Anglo-Vernacular Standard, the equivalent of the second year in the high schools of the United States and Canada. The last Annual Report of the mission says:—

“The case of the Girls' Boarding School in Ahmednagar is but one illustration of the increasing demand in all our Girls' Schools for larger buildings to accommodate the larger classes; for a greater—and more efficient—corps of teachers; for more dormitory room to house the applicants, increasing every year, and each year more difficult to refuse. One hundred and sixty-three boarders live in buildings already crowded with one hundred and thirty-five; three hundred and thirty-nine pupils confidently expect to be provided for in class-rooms which with two hundred and forty scholars would shock the hygienic sense of zealous Western school boards. So we inclose the corners of verandas, hang up curtains and make class-rooms for the determined applicants; we usurp corners of the church, and turn dormitories into schoolrooms and employ new teachers; then, as the first of the month approaches, we pace the floor and grow absentminded in the endeavor to see whence funds are forthcoming with which to pay teachers and to feed these ‘little ones.’



MISS EMILY BISSELL.
Ahmednagar Boarding School.

“For three hundred and thirty-nine pupils we have twenty-four teachers,—eighteen women and six men, of whom three are Hindus. One Christian is superintendent of the Vernacular classes, the right man in the right place. A fourth Hindu instructor was employed. Mr. Rishi is a liberal-minded gentleman, who enters his work with genuine interest in the cause of education of girls and women in this country. Seven of last year's pupils are back as teachers. It is a pleasure to say that eleven others have gone out from this school the past year to teach in Girls' Schools in six stations of the mission, while one has entered upon a course of training as nurse.

“In the famine year the whole school was not called together until the last



DR. JULIA BISSELL.

week of February, owing to scarcity of water in the city: then we had water brought in from two wells, by hiring men to do the work, and so, at high prices, water has been bought for the dormitories every month since then. With corn from America to relieve us and with generous donations from the Famine Fund, we have kept on uninterruptedly through the year, for which we are thankful. We can say that not one even of the day scholars from their lowly homes has suffered from want of food.

“Our kind Government Inspectors have come and gone as usual, pointing out weaknesses and commending strong points, and Mrs. Harding left on record her pleasure in examining the Bible classes.

“Every year of work in this school shows its greater possibilities, and renders it more engaging. The withdrawal of Mrs. H. G. Bissell, made necessary by the loud calls of work for women in the southern district, is much regretted, as this school is now far too large to be administered efficiently by one lady. It is earnestly hoped that the division of the school into two separate institutions, vernacular and Anglo-vernacular, with separate management, is near at hand. Only so can justice be done to the almost unwieldy classes, or to the pupils individually, as scholars and as girls.”

Dr. Julia Bissell has been doing a most successful medical work in

Ahmednagar for the last seven years. Of the work of Dr. Bissell and Dr. Grieve the Annual Report says : " The working-staff consists of two assistants, two compounders, four nurses, two matrons, and last, but not least, the cook of the diet kitchen, which supplies appropriate diet to those who otherwise could not afford it. The daily attendance at the dispensary in the year has totaled 31,160. When distress from famine was most acute the numbers reached nearly three hundred a day. A crowded waiting-room, an audience of impatient mothers and restless children, sufferers moaning with pain,—such a gathering is not the most promising one to which to speak the word in season, yet through the open door of the waiting-room comes each day the voice of the Bible woman : ' So you come here to be cured of this disease that has troubled you so long? Jesus knows you are sick. He can do more than take away your pain. He longs to, and he will take the pain from your heart. Do you trust to the doctor to make you well? Trust in Jesus. He will save you and make you pure and holy.' The numbers who apply for relief have made it necessary to open two temporary wards, of which Dr. Grieve (who went to the mission about a year and a half ago) has charge of that for serious diseases of the eye, and Dr. Bissell of the one for general diseases. About five hundred patients were thus cared for."

It is expected that the hospital for which so many of our mission circles and others have contributed the past year will largely extend this medical work, as well as add immensely to the comfort of both doctors and patients. It is hoped that the long process of securing just the right site for the hospital is very near successful completion, and that building will soon commence. Of the medical work in the Home Dr. Bissell has sent us the following typical sketch.

LITTLE MRS. WEALTH.

BY DR. JULIA BISSELL.

It was not a house which one would associate with even the name of wealth, this dark abode in which I found my patient that day. Even a person of small stature could not stand upright in the front door, and after going through a short, narrow entrance-way one plunged into what seemed like an underground passage, so dark and damp and evil smelling a place it was. The uneven earthen floor gave one a series of surprises, as one's foot constantly traveled farther down, or was stopped farther up, than one expected, in walking over it. The front room was not as small as many another I had been in. It must have measured twelve feet both ways. The

eye, slowly accommodating itself to the darkness as of night, could just descry on one side a pile of fodder, and an "oil machine," which resembles more than anything else a hugh mortar and pestle. Of what material this machine was made it were impossible for the uninitiated to guess, so well was it coated over with the oil it had for years, mayhap for generations, been used to express. As I crossed to the small door on the other side of the room I nearly stumbled over a fine large black bullock, seated on the ground in comfortable attitude, chewing his morning cud calmly, as if with the satisfaction of a good morning's work already done. He turned his sleek, black head slowly toward me as if he were quite accustomed to having people stumble over him, and he hoped it had not inconvenienced me at all.

The step up to this threshold was high, out of proportion to the door it led up to. "Look out, *Bai*,"—the term nearest approaching "Missis" in the Ahmednagar vernacular,—"you will hurt your head. That's it, just bend your neck a little. Now come this way." The voice spoke to me from out of the impenetrable darkness somewhere. I was glad to think my ears could be useful in a spot where my eyes could not hope to be. I peered about, trying to make out where "this way" might be. The room was full of an atmosphere which called forth marked activity in another organ of sense, assuring me that at least I was "in my senses." "Why don't you light the lamp?" a voice asked from somewhere near my feet. "The Madam Sahib cannot see anything." Then I was thankful I had not stirred, for my foot would have fallen directly on my little patient lying on the ground before me, though I could not possibly have guessed that she was there. They lighted a cotton wick saturated with the wealth of the professional oil-makers, and hanging over the edge of a very small, black earthen saucer into which more oil was poured. The wick burned, but looked dejected and feeble. "Have you a candle, a wax candle?" I asked. "That will give light." "Yes, yes, a wax candle!" a number of voices cried close around me, coming as if from the ground. I began to realize that there were several people in the room. The words "wax candle" traveled from lip to lip, and finally found their way to the front door, where they started somebody to go somewhere. Soon a candle came to relieve us. By that time one pair of hands had taken my hat, which I removed and gave up, feeling that it might be a parting farewell.

A roll of black, oily clothes made up my little patient's pillow, and she lay on a ragged quilt spread over an ancient grain sack. Not far from her feet sat an old midwife leaning comfortably against a wooden pillar and taking a pinch of snuff. I smiled at her,—we had met before,—and she plunged at once into a series of reminiscences over our last meeting. "You remember

me, don't you? Yes, see, the *Bai* knows me! Knows me! I should think she did. She'll make you all right in no time, my dear; don't you worry and don't you be afraid of her!" This last was directed to Mrs. Wealth,* who was looking up questioningly into my face and at my bag, as if wondering what implements of torture were hidden therein.

"Be kind to her, *Bai*. Think of her as your daughter. She has no one here, poor thing! She is all alone, and they are so poor. They came here two months ago in search of work, and they've been so unfortunate!" I asked who the speaker was, and found her to be a kind-hearted neighbor. "Where is her husband?" I asked. "Oh, he's here, to be sure, but what can he do for her? There isn't even a handful of grain in the house to-day."

The patient little voice spoke again, as I kneeled down on the floor to see how she was doing. "Do you want me to sit up? I'm so tired. I thought I would lie down. My clothes are so dirty," she continued deprecatingly. "I have something else I can put on," and she looked over toward a dark corner. It was a long visit I had with her that day. One by one the women slipped out; each had her children and her housework to attend to. The midwife bethought her of another patient who was expecting her, and went, promising to return. Little by little I learned the patient woman's story. "My father and mother were well off. We children had all we wanted. When I was very small I was married to this husband. He was just a boy, too, but he took me to his home and has looked after me ever since. He could never bear to hear of my going to my home. He used to bring me sweetmeats. On holidays he always brought me toys. I had all the clothes I wanted. He would get me ornaments on the sly. He brought me into Ahmednagar now, because he could not make his trade profitable out at the village; we had fifty rupees when we came in—it has all gone. When I was taken sick they all said to him, "She'll die unless you bring that *Bai* to see her. And how are you going to get her to come? What have you got to pay her fees with?" But he said: "I *will* pay her fee. I'll sell a bullock but I'll have her come and see you—don't you fear. I'll go myself and ask her to come." Now you've come—and they all say I shall be all right now. You see how we are living here. These women come in from the neighbors and do little things for me—but I can't ask anything of them. They're all poor too. Some of them have nothing in their houses to eat to-day." "When did you have anything to eat?" I interrupted. "Last night, and very early this morning some one gave me a little drink of milk." "You ought to have some gruel. Won't they make it for you if I ask them to?" "But there's nothing in the house for them to make it of." A few

*The Hindu name *Luksh-mie* means "Wealth" or "Luxury."

words spoken into the other dark room seemed to work like magic, however, and soon there was a significant flitting of figures, and after the house had been filled with its quota of smoke, a forbidding looking dish with what seemed most unpalatable dark gruel appeared. It was indeed cruel to require anyone to take it; but it was swallowed without a word except "It's too hot." She was so brave, so uncomplaining! "I'll do any thing you tell me to," she said, taking hold of my hand. "How patient she is!" I said to the midwife. "She! Oh, she's tough enough!" was the reply, but the look in her dark eyes and on her seamed face was kindly.

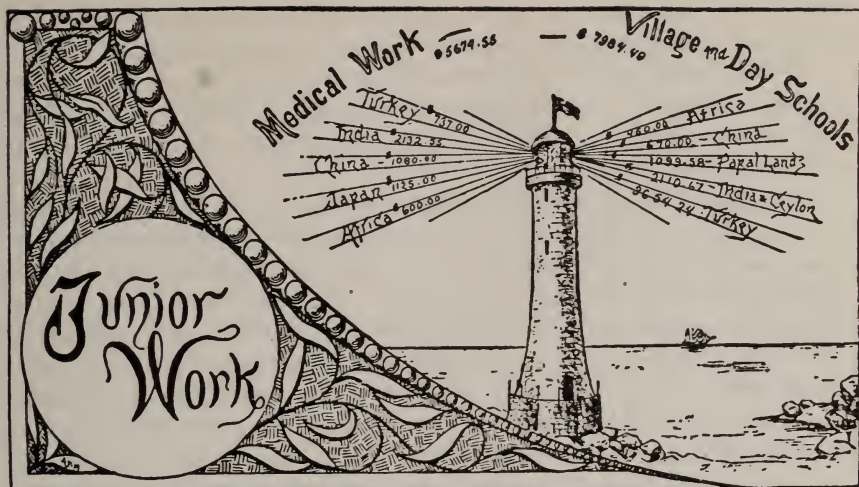
Next morning I found my way to her more readily, having learned how to walk around Mr. Ox. She was lying then on a low cot. Oh, the filth of those black clothes that enveloped her and the baby girl lying fast asleep beside her! Yet they both seemed to thrive, and needed surprisingly little attention from me. "Do the women here take care of you?" I inquired. "They come in and stand at a distance. One of them bathes the baby." And so another little woman had found her way into the world, into its weal and woe! God help them, there are such thousands just like this one—in India!

AHMEDNAGAR, June 27, 1901.

BIBLE WOMEN IN THE MARATHI MISSION.

Now, as in the days of the early Christian Church, "of the devout women, not a few" are doing their noble part in helping the church of India to make known the story of Christ's love. At first glance there seems a possibility of routine in such work, but we find there is unity of purpose with variety of method. The missionaries testify unanimously to the willingness, even eagerness, with which these faithful women carry their daily messages. Dr. Karmarkar reports that while the plague was raging in Bombay to such an extent that the mortality reached four hundred a day, notwithstanding this appalling rate the Bible women kept to their work, visiting segregation camps, sometimes bringing inquirers to me. In Ahmednagar seventeen women have done house-to-house work. It might also be called roadside work, as it is often speaking to women wherever they are found. Aside from their teaching, these women visit the sick, arrange for their care and treatment, advise mothers about their children and their homes, urge the education of children, discourage early marriages, and in many other ways influence those who listen to them.

—From the Annual Report of the Mission.



— To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:79 —

THE PLEASURES AND PERPLEXITIES OF GIVING.

BY MISS HELEN A. WALKER.

"Tom."

"What is it, dear?" Tom still kept his eyes on the newspaper before him, but Amy knew he was giving heed.

She waited to put another stitch in the doily she was embroidering, and then continued.

"Tom, how would it do for me to give money to the Easter Market instead of something to be sold? I was going to give these doilies, but I want so much to send them to mother for her birthday."

"All right," said Tom kindly, but with a sort of masculine indifference toward doilies and Easter Markets.

"Now, Tom!" said Amy in an aggrieved tone.

"What do you mean, asked Tom in surprise; didn't I say the right thing?"

"Maybe you did, but I wanted to talk it all over, and come to a conclusion gradually."

"Wanted to begin with the old lantern, did you?" said Tom, laughing.

They were thinking of dear Aunt Eliza, who, in giving her recipe for salt-rising bread, always began, "Well, in the first place, I have an old lantern." Then she would go on to explain that the cup she mixed her

rising in exactly fitted in the top of the lantern, and in this way she could keep her rising warm over night. Then followed the recipe.

"Yes," said Amy, "I wanted you to say, 'Now there will be another dollar to be given, and perhaps you will want to make some purchases at the Market; how much shall we spend in that way? And'—oh, I wanted to talk it all over, you know."

"Well, let's begin with the old lantern, then," said Tom good-humoredly.

"It's this way, Tom: we do have so many calls to give,—I suppose everyone has,—but we are beginners in setting up a home, and I am appalled sometimes at the way the money flies. I don't know whether to give every time I'm asked or not, and I can't tell how much to give, either. Why, that ten dollars you put in my purse the other day is nearly gone already. I paid my missionary dues out of it,—that was two dollars for the quarter; it seemed very little. Then we were just out of flour, and I bought my shoes, and the newspaper man called for his money, and I gave a quarter to the wash-lady—as she politely calls herself—whose house was burned. It's so hard to know what to do about giving to this, that and the other thing. I wonder if I ought to give only a dollar a quarter to the missionary society."

"No; you must do your share, Amy; two dollars a quarter isn't much."

"No, it isn't much, only with everything else it counts up. And another thing, Tom, you work hard for your salary, and a great deal of it naturally passes through my hands. I know how to be economical about my clothes, and in housekeeping matters I was brought up not to be wasteful, but I tell you, Tom, when it comes to giving, I don't know how to do. I don't know whether I'm giving too much or too little."

"I don't suppose," said Tom, "that we're in danger of giving too much; human nature isn't likely to err on that side."

"But I don't know, Tom; I heard a good old preacher say once that he knew several men that actually gave too much. They were preachers, too, and he said in their big church conferences, when benevolent causes were presented, he knew what they gave, and it was more than they could afford, and they wronged their families."

"In what way?"

"Why, he said they had so little of their salary left to live on that the wife of one of them couldn't afford to hire the help she needed about her sewing and the heavy work in the home. And another was not giving his children proper advantages in education, and that kind of things, you know. He thought it was really a mistake for those men to give so largely."

"I think," said Tom, "that giving is one of the greatest pleasures in life, but I wouldn't want to indulge in it to excess, as you might say, or until it brought burdens on the dearest little wife in the world."

Amy smiled; she knew whom he meant. "I only want to know what's right in the matter, Tom, and for your sake as well as mine."

It was now late, and the discussion ended for the evening.

The next morning, as Amy was sweeping the front veranda to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," Mrs. Herman came up the street. "I've come too early, haven't I?" she said, turning in at the gate.

"No, indeed," said Amy; "I'm glad to see you. Please step into the parlor, and I'll follow as soon as I put my broom away."

"Now, dear," said Mrs. Herman as Amy made her appearance work-basket in hand, "I've brought my mending to sit awhile, if you're not busy."

"I'm so glad," responded Amy heartily; "my work is all done, and it's as good as having a visit from mother to have you here." They chatted of books they had been reading, of housekeeping matters, of the Easter Market, of missionary work, when Amy suddenly began:—

"Don't you think, Mrs. Herman, that the question of giving is a very troublesome and perplexing one? I declare, I think sometimes I'd like to give away everything I have all at once and become a begging friar, if there is such a thing. But there's Tom; of course I couldn't leave him."

"No," said Mrs. Herman, smiling; "I don't think you could. But surely you have not forgotten the words of the Lord Jesus, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"No, and of course I do enjoy giving in a way; but still, I don't believe I really know how to give. There is so much uncertainty about the matter. Continual calls are coming; can we give to this and can we give to that? I want to do what is right toward them all, but the ordinary expenses of living must go on. Sometimes I say no to some calls because I fear I am going beyond what we are really able to give, and then I do feel so mean. I really think that with me the perplexities of giving overbalance the pleasures. I dare say it's wrong to say this, or rather to feel it. If you can help me any I wish you would."

"Well, dear, I can tell you how we do. Mr. Herman is on a salary, just as your husband is, and we have found that the best way for us is to lay aside the tenth. That is a definite amount to be given away during the year. There are no butter and eggs to be bought with it, no clothes to come out of it. It is simply the giving fund. We give it all to the Lord, or rather it is the Lord's, and we divide it as wisely as we can among the calls that come to us."

"That sounds so easy. It is the Old Testament rule, isn't it? I didn't think of that being meant for us."

"Yes, it is an Old Testament rule; but you know the ten Commandments are old Testament rules, and certainly they are for our guidance."

"Oh, yes; but wasn't tithe paying a Mosaic or ritual requirement? and wasn't the ritual law abolished in Christ?"

"It seems to me, Amy, to be as binding on us as the law of the Sabbath; one seventh of our time and one tenth of our income being claimed by our Creator. You remember that both Jacob and Abraham paid tithes long before the ritual law was given."

"But," said Amy,—“and I am not meaning to oppose what you say, Mrs. Herman, only seeking to learn of you,—doesn't all we have belong to God? Do we not owe him everything?”

"Certainly, my dear, but he does not ask us to surrender all in charity at once, and so become ourselves a burden to others. He does ask for the tenth of our increase; or at least so it seems to me and to many other Christians, for tithe paying is becoming very common in the church of to-day. And, Amy, you can't know until you have tried it, how it brings to one the constant and delightful recognition of God's ownership of us and all we have."

"Oh, Mrs. Herman, I do believe you are opening a door of relief to me in this matter! I shall tell Tom everything you have said."

She did so not many days after, and when they had talked it over carefully together Amy said:—

"How would it do, Tom, for us to undertake systematic giving by setting apart a tenth of your salary? We can do it if others can, and if the Lord himself has suggested this plan it must be a safe and even easy one, for none of his commands are grievous."

"Little woman," said Tom, "go and get a box to keep our tenth in."

"Do you really mean it, Tom? Are we going to do that way? I talk so much about things, but you are so prompt to act."

Amy soon brought a suitable box. Tom had a slip of paper in his hand on which he had written, "The Lord's Tenth."

"Now the mucilage, please, Amy."

That was brought, too, and the slip was pasted on the box cover.

"Oh, Tom," and Amy gave his arm a delighted squeeze, "I just know we're doing the right thing!"

Tom took out his pocketbook and counted out nine dollars.

"Now, Amy, this is the end of the month and my salary has come in, so we'll put aside the Lord's share to-night. It would come to a little more than eight dollars, so we will call it nine."

Neither spoke for a few moments, as Tom covered the box and placed it on the table before them.

Then Amy said softly, "It makes the Lord seem so near."

"Yes, it does, dear; I believe we are getting our eyes open to the right way of giving. I know I shall with you to point the way."

"Do you think such things as that about me, Tom?" And Amy quickly sent up from her heart a little prayer that she might always be an inspiration for good to Tom.

"It's just this way," continued Tom. "A person can do anything better and more satisfactorily to themselves if they have some system about it. Before this I see we've given in a sort of uncertain, haphazard fashion, that was not honoring to God nor bringing to ourselves the pleasure it might."

"Yes, Tom; and giving is something that comes up so often it does seem reasonable to make provision for it. I was growing very much perplexed over it, but now that you are making it so clear and easy I shall enjoy it."

Tom glanced quizzically at her. He thought she was the one who had been making the matter clear to him, but he let her go on.

"I always used to feel," she continued, "as if I were giving your money, but now I shall feel we are giving the Lord of his own. Sometimes I was generous and fretted because I couldn't give more; sometimes I was stingy and afraid to give a cent. Tom, I really don't understand how the Lord can be so patient with us. We must be very trying to him."

There came a tear in Tom's eye, but, manlike, he got it winked away before Amy saw it.

"Tom, I wonder if we couldn't do something for that poor little lame boy around the corner. I feel so rich with all this money to give away, and more next month!"

"I think we could, Amy, only first we'll take out our monthly payment on the pastor's salary; but that will leave nearly seven dollars."

A few days later the little lame boy was rejoicing over some drawing paper, pencils and a box of water colors.

"Tom," said Amy, and the blessedness of giving shone in her face, "the little fellow did look so happy when I gave him the things. And as for me, these words kept repeating themselves over and over in my mind, 'I, ministering in Thy name, give this pleasure to one of thine afflicted little ones;' and never before did I come so near to standing on the mountain top of pure joy. We've given before, of course, but now there comes such a precious feeling of the Lord being with us in the gift."

"That's so, Amy; I know how you feel; and to me everything in the Bible about giving seems to have taken on a new and glorified meaning. I'm afraid I used to treat the Lord rather shabbily. I didn't mean to, but I guess instead of exercising the grace of giving I exercised the *disgrace* of giving; for the Lord had to ask me for each separate dollar. I never could

say, 'Here it is, Lord, ready and waiting.' And it doesn't seem as though the calls are as frequent as they used to be, because we're prepared for them when they come."

Amy's eyes beamed as Tom talked. Was there ever such a good man before!

"And here's another thing," he went on. "I see now I used to give to objects. How hollow that sounds—objects! But now it is giving to the Lord, and 'Holiness to the Lord' seems written on my pocketbook and all my earnings. I have the feeling of being his agent. I don't think we give much more, if any, than we gave before, but the manner of doing it makes such a wide difference. I do feel that I have been losing much of the satisfaction, the blessedness of giving in my clumsy, helter-skelter way of going at it. Why, I wouldn't think of praying in that way, and prayers and almsgiving I find so often associated together in the Bible."

Amy waited to hear more.

"Then, too, under the old way I never knew what proportion my gifts bore to my resources. I was not careless about other expenditures. I was business-like until it came to almsgiving, and then I simply threw aside all system and carried on my charities from impulse."

Amy's heart was full, but she said, quite in a natural tone, "Tom, let's go round to see Mrs. Herman some evening, and tell her our own experience."

They did so, and Amy managed to have Tom do all the talking.

As they were leaving she lingered to whisper in Mrs. Herman's ear: "Isn't Tom fine! This systematic giving has brought him out into a large and wealthy place. And as for me, well, I never liked mathematics, but I just love systematics. Good night, dear Mrs. Herman. Yes; I'm coming, Tom."

HELPS FOR LEADERS.

VIA CHRISTI.

A SERIES OF SIX LESSONS ON THE HISTORY OF MISSIONS.

FOR the leaders of our Young Ladies' Societies who are puzzling over the programs for the year, we have a suggestion—that every society will take up the topics proposed by the Central Committee on the United Study of Missions. All may not happen to know that this committee is composed of representative leaders of five denominational Woman's Missionary Societies, and that they have prepared a series of six lessons on the history of missions

from apostolic times to the close of the eighteenth century. They are as follows:—

CHAPTER I.—PAUL TO CONSTANTINE.

From the Apostolic Age to the Christianization of the Roman Empire. First to the fourth century.

CHAPTER II.—CONSTANTINE TO CHARLEMAGNE.

From the Christianization of the Roman Empire to the Establishment of the Christian Empire of the West. Fourth to the ninth century.

CHAPTER III.—CHARLEMAGNE TO BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

From the Establishment of the Christian Empire of the West to the Crusading Church. Ninth to the twelfth century.

CHAPTER IV.—BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX TO LUTHER.

From the Crusading Church to the Reformation. Twelfth to the sixteenth century.

CHAPTER V.—LUTHER TO THE HALLE MISSIONARIES.

From the Reformation to the Foundation of Early European Societies for the propagation of the Gospel. Sixteenth to the eighteenth century.

CHAPTER VI.—THE HALLE MISSIONARIES TO CAREY AND JUDSON.

From the Foundation of Early European Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel to the Beginning of Nineteenth Century Missions. Eighteenth to the nineteenth century.

The special arrangement has been under the care of Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins, who has also written a text-book giving material, references and suggestions in abundance. It is expected that this course will be an introduction to other series in the following years, and is of great importance as a foundation for future study. In itself, also, it promises to be most fascinating,—the wonderful story of the progress of the kingdom of Christ in the world. Not the least interesting will be the part of women in this progress from the time of Lydia to modern missions. The story of Queens Bertha and Clotilda, of Princess Olga and others, will furnish romance enough for many lessons.

The topics can also be made most interesting to schoolgirls, older mission circles, Christian Endeavor Societies, and even for Junior Endeavorers. For these classes the Board intends to issue a simpler text-book, written by Dr. Emma Cumings Park, a missionary of the Baptist Board.

These topics are capable of expansion, sufficient for twelve meetings, but much can be done in six, especially if the members of the society do more or less reading at home. But it is expected that time will be given at each meeting for current events in our own work; and for the other six months

we suggest the following topics : Constantinople and our Work there ; Mission Work in Bulgaria ; Our Missions in Papal Lands ; A Meeting for Book Reviews ; one on Our Organizations, and a Thank-offering Meeting. We believe we have something really delightful to offer you, girls,—and may I tell you a secret? We are depending upon your enthusiasm and energy to make this course really valuable to the cause of missions quite as much as upon our older societies. Do not disappoint us!

Scraps from our Work Basket.

CONTRIBUTIONS With great thankfulness we are able to report the good **FOR THE MONTH.** increase of \$1,559.12 in contributions for the month ending August 18th. The amount includes the belated \$1,000 mentioned last month, but the remaining \$559.12 is an encouraging advance. We must face the fact, however, that at the end of ten months we must report a falling off of \$3,362.89 as compared to last year. To make the amount the same as last year we must receive \$26,868.02 before the eighteenth of October. When this magazine reaches our readers there will be only one month before the close of our financial year. We trust that every one who reads these lines will realize that the King's business requires haste, and that each in her appointed place will do her utmost to bring in the harvest, so that we may close the year with rejoicing. Let us rise to the opportunity, friends, and remembering our motto attempt great things for God, and through unceasing prayer expect great things from God.

MISSIONARY PERSONALS. The missionaries who have come to this country, and those who have returned to their fields, has been fewer than usual during the summer. It has been our pleasure to welcome home Miss Harriet Bruce from Satara, India, who arrived July 27th, and is now with her mother in Worcester, Mass. Miss Annie M. Barker, of Gedik Pasha, Constantinople, arrived in Halifax, August 23d, and went directly to her friends in Nova Scotia. Miss H. E. Cole, from Monastir, also arrived in New York on the same day. We have been privileged also to speed on their return Mr. and Mrs. Edward Riggs, for Marsovan, Turkey. Miss F. E. Burrage for Cesarea and Miss Emily McCallum for Smyrna, Turkey, sailed August 14th. Miss Mary L. Graffam, going out for the first time, also left on the same day. Miss Martha E. Price sailed from New York

August 7th, returning to the Zulu Mission. Miss P. L. Cull, of Marsovan, begins her year's furlough this month, but intends to spend the time in Europe.

SAD TIDINGS. As we go to press sad tidings come to us from two of our missionaries. On Thursday, September 5th, a cablegram was received from Rev. J. H. House, of the European Turkey Mission, saying, "Brigands took Stone and companion between Bansko and Djumaia." At the time of writing no further particulars have been received, but it is supposed that Miss Stone was making one of her usual tours, as she has done many times before, and was captured by one of the strolling bands of brigands that so infest the country. The day following the receipt of the cablegram, Rev. H. C. Haskell of the same mission called at the Board Rooms, and gave it as his opinion that there was almost no danger of ill treatment for Miss Stone or her companion; that they would probably be held safely for ransom. A telegram was immediately sent to our State Department in Washington, and assurances were received that our minister in Constantinople was already doing everything in his power for her release. Word has also appeared in the public press that the sultan has promised to do all that is possible for her safety. Meantime we, her friends, may appeal to One whose power and goodness cannot fail, and who is the hearer and answerer of prayer.

On Saturday, September 7th, a telegram announced the death of Miss Catherine H. Barbour, our dear missionary teacher in the International Institute for Girls in Spain, at the home of her brother in St. Johnsbury, Vt. Miss Barbour returned to this country about a year ago greatly broken in health, but she was much improved, and in June last wrote of her hope that she could return to her work in another year. A more extended notice of her will be given in our next number.

THE DEPUTATION TO INDIA. Word has come of the most interesting and successful visit of the deputation in Ceylon, where they spent most of the month of June in the Jaffna mission. Of his impressions Dr. Barton writes: "As I have looked at these large and eager congregations of people who have come out of the grossest heathenism, some of the members perhaps in the last few months, as we have questioned them regarding Christianity, and heard their clear, eager replies, we have been compelled to marvel and say, 'Surely God hath done this.' The visit has been a great draft on the speaking powers. Every congregation must hear from the deputation, and it is impossible not to speak."

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CONFERENCE AT NORTHFIELD. Over six hundred girls having "come apart awhile" from their busy lives, intent on sitting at the Master's feet and learning what is his will for them, gathered for the

Young Women's Conference at Northfield, July 12th to 22d. To the representative of the Woman's Board who came to mingle with them for the work's sake, opportunities of greatest value lay on all sides. The important public conferences, which filled morning and evening, seemed at first sight to leave small chance for specific work. In them, however, proved to be one of the avenues of approach to many willing listeners as the needs and methods of our own Board were presented in brief addresses. One afternoon, on a grassy slope under the trees, the Congregational girls came together. The claim of our work upon them, either in the ranks, in the home churches, or upon the foreign field, was there set forth, also the most pressing needs at more than a dozen stations abroad, and the most essential characteristics required in the successful foreign missionary. One who knows its worth in her own life spoke of the value to the individual of an active part in this work, and missionary daughters from Japan and India described the need as they had seen it. Our student volunteers told of their purpose to dedicate their all to the cause of Christ abroad, and the reason why they had so consecrated their lives. The enrollment of those present at this conference gave opportunity for further acquaintance, which was most gladly followed up later. The afternoon, generally free from public engagements, became filled with private interviews. Sacred, indeed, are the memories left by those heart-to-heart talks, and invaluable in the work of the near future will, we hope, be the contact with many young lives burning with zeal to be used and useful somewhere for Christ's sake. K. G. L.

TWO FRIENDS Two warm friends of our American College for Girls in
GONE. Constantinople have passed to their reward this last summer,
—Rev. George W. Wood, D.D. and Prof. Albert L. Long of Robert College. Dr. Wood rendered the institution invaluable service in its early days, helping to establish it on a firm basis, and to give it a unique and honored place in the Turkish Empire. His active service in missions covered a period of forty-eight years as missionary and secretary of the American Board in New York, and he retained his interest in the work in Constantinople and in our college till his death, which occurred in Geneseo, N. Y., July 19th. Just one month from the day of his burial his wife was laid in the grave beside him. Professor Long was a member of the first Advisory Board, created at the time the "Home" became a college, and his ready sympathy and wise advice added much to its strength under the new régime. Professor Long's failing health made it necessary to return to this country, but his strength was not sufficient for the long journey. He died in the Royal Infirmary in Liverpool, July 28th.

THE REVIVAL
IN JAPAN.

The revival movement in Japan continues to be one of the marvels in modern missions. The Japan Evangelical Alliance, under whose auspices it was inaugurated, has issued a booklet of about fifty pages giving interesting incidents of the work in Tokyo. The alliance has been in existence only three or four years, and its object, as set forth in the first article in its constitution, is to "increase the concord between the various evangelical churches; to plan for co-operation; to manifest in society the mind of Christ." The opening of the new century seemed to be an auspicious time for undertaking a comprehensive union effort, and at a meeting of the alliance in April, 1900, a committee was appointed to plan and direct the movement. This committee approached the missionary conference during its sessions in Tokyo, in October, to ask for the co-operation of the missionary body in the movement. The conference responded heartily to the request, and ten of its members were appointed to co-operate with the alliance. The joint committee recognized that more than all else the spiritual need of Japan calls for a new marshalling of the forces of righteousness. In these discussions they kept ever in mind that no success could attend the movement without a deep, heart-searching, spiritual preparation on the part of the church; that the one object was the salvation of souls. Emphasis is also laid upon the fact that in the movement the terms *naï* and *gnai* (Japanese and foreign) have no place. It is a movement of God's children, among whom is neither "Jew nor Greek, for the glory of our common Lord." The motto adopted is, "Our country for Christ, 'not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.'"

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

FROM MISS HELEN E. CHANDLER, MADURA, INDIA.

"WE are indeed enjoying the visit of the Deputation, although the past week they have been with the Hazens in Arupukottai. To-morrow they come in again, and on Tuesday morning early drive out to one of the places in this station where a great Hindu festival is to be held, and where Mr. Eddy and some of our Christians will be doing hard work preaching to the crowd of passers-by on the road. Thence they go to Melur, and continue their circuit from station to station. Before going on this tour they spent a week in

looking at work in Madura. One day was given to inspection of our large girls' school, which Miss Bessie Noyes and I now have under our charge.

Dr. Barton and the others too have been so actively alive to their work out here that it has been a pleasure to take them around. One thing about the boarding-school girls interested Dr. Barton, and may be of interest to you. The girls are not only getting but are trying to give. On Sunday morning about ninety or a hundred silk-weaver boys, Hindus, follow the girls from church to the school. There some of the older girls have a Sunday school for these boys, holding the meeting in Otis Hall. The girl who manages it has perfect control over them, and the girls who assist are good singers, who teach the boys our Christian songs. After the singing comes the lesson story, and then cards or tracts are given out. At this last function there is apt to be a scramble, because they are afraid they are not going to get a tract, but before that every one is quiet and attentive. Surely this is Christian Endeavor.

There has been less sickness this year than last. The cholera has not come in to scourge the city as it did last year. There are ten or twelve girls who are waiting to join the church. They would have been glad to join last communion, but Miss Noyes and the teacher thought they had better wait a little longer, and then see how strong their purpose was in joining.

Before the Deputation reached here they wrote that they wanted to see the work in its every-day dress, and not in mass meeting and holiday attire. This thought we have thoroughly implanted in the minds of our men, so that we have been most particular about not decorating or giving addresses. After the visit of the Deputation to our school I asked my class in English to write a composition about this visit. You may be interested in some of the things the girls said.

"The mission in Madura district is supported by the people who are living in America. These people are called *American Boarders*. They send a large sum of money to Madura District from their sufferings." "The school was not decorated by any particular things, but was cleaned because the deputation did not come to see the decoration. But they came to see the Christian's works." Several of the girls say that "one of the gentlemen gave us some good advises." They also speak of how the poor people in America go without tea or sugar or butter in order to send money out here. One of the mistresses in writing to Miss Noyes said, "We are blessed; we have seen the Deputation in our generation." I think the welcome to the Deputation has been loyal, hearty and sincere.

FROM MISS MARY E. KINNEY, OF ADABAZAR, TURKEY.

We take the following extract from the church paper issued by Boylston Church, Boston, of which Miss Kinney is a member and which provides her salary.

THE last week of June was a week of rushing. The first three days were especially full, but everything was successful except that we had an unfortunate experience at the graduating exercises.

We made a change this year, and had the exercises in the afternoon instead of in the forenoon, and in consequence we had a very great crowd. The audience was admitted by ticket, except the adult members of our congregation, but there was such a rush when the doors were opened as I have never seen. We who were on the stage had full view of it, and it was dreadful. Many held tickets of three or four years back, and they crowded in by the door-tenders without leave or license. There was one real fight, which we were afraid was going to be serious, but which quieted down in a few minutes. The experience has taught the trustees a lesson, I think, and we shall probably never have such a time again.

The exercises went off better than usual, and everybody said the singing was fine. It was such an improvement to have the girls learn all the words of the songs and sing from memory. Every one said they understood all the words, and I was very happy over the success of it.

A MESSAGE TO OUR MISSIONARY.

The same paper contains a message to Miss Kinney, which shows the pleasant relations between Miss Kinney and the Christian Endeavor Society in the church.

We, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of Boylston Congregational Church of Jamaica Plain, Boston, greet "Our Missionary."

Having learned with no little pleasure of the proposed visit of Miss Charlotte F. Grant, at one time an honored member of our society, to Adabazar, Turkey, we are glad to avail ourselves of the unusual opportunity of sending by her hand a message to you.

We would assure you of the honor we feel in having one of our own members on the foreign field, devoting her life's energy to enlightening with the true light those who have been in darkness.

We would assure you of the inspiration that has come to us in interesting ourselves in missions, and in assuming the responsibility for the support of missions that is more and more pressing upon us.

We would assure you of our deep interest in the reports of your work that reach us from time to time through your letters, of the satisfaction we have in learning of the progress you are making in developing the qualities

necessary for successful missionary work, and of the joy that is ours because of the spiritual help you have given to those under your care.

We would assure you that we have not failed to remember you at the throne of grace, and to ask our Lord and Master to give you the strength of body, the clearness of mind and the power of spirit necessary for your work; and that we shall not fail to do so in the coming days.

The Lord watch between thee and us when we are absent one from another.

FROM MISS ELLEN M. PIERCE, OF AINTAB, TURKEY.

Tuesday, the eighteenth of June, we graduated a class of sixteen young ladies, the exercises being held in the First Church, which was crowded. Everything passed off pleasantly. The next day our guests began to arrive for our annual meeting. We had six to entertain,—Dr. and Mrs. Lee and their daughter Carrie, Miss Spencer and Miss Bates from Hadjin, and our new missionary, Miss Calder, from Marash. Our own annual meeting, the native conference of churches, the gathering together of so many of the alumni of the college to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of that institution, made it an occasion of unusual interest.

We can surely see great progress made during the past twenty-five years. The college has an established reputation and is doing an untold amount of good. And we feel that our dear Girls' Seminary is not behind it in its solid character and in the amount of good our graduates are doing as teachers, Bible women, or as the heads of Christian families throughout our field. Besides supplying our station with teachers and Christian workers, for which I think not less than forty young women are needed, we are asked to furnish several for Adana and Marash. More distant fields look to us also,—Talas. Diarbekir, etc. Our own native teaching force for our seminary is excellent. Two of them have studied in the American College at Scutari; one was prepared for a teacher of Armenian at Harpoot College, and one is a graduate of Marash Girls' College. For the past four, if not five years, we have had no change in this corps of teachers. But this year we are warned that this can go on so but one year longer. Then two, if not three, of these teachers will leave to make homes of their own, one having taught for us seven years.

As we go to press plans for the Annual Meeting of American Board at Hartford are being matured. All friends of Missions will wish to partake of the feast of good things promised.

Our Work at Home.

THE GARMENT OF PRAISE.

ISAIAH LXI. 3, 10.

[IN PREPARATION FOR THE THANK OFFERING.]

BY MRS. C. H. DANIELS.

The Garment of Praise, as if there were but one reliable kind. "The" suggests the inquiries, "Whose specific production is this?" "Is there some one maker of the Praise Garment, and has none other ever discovered the secret of its manufacture?"

Human wisdom, we know, has made many attempts in this line. But the results are invariably inadequate for the exchange of a heavy spirit. Try to buy one of the world's Praise Garments in the shops of Vanity Fair. Gaudy signs attract the passer-by.

The firm of "Honors and Fame" offers rich purple robes, warranted to give satisfaction. Beware the germs of disease concealed in their folds! They will turn joy into pain. The aristocratic establishment of "Duties and Ceremonies" displays well-made garments, which, however, prove too straight and binding for a free-born spirit. Court fashions there are, gay in color, fascinating, but poor bargains, soon worn to shreds. Dame Nature allures and charms with numberless garments, varying from the daintiest of fabrics dyed in early green to somber robes dull as thunder clouds. And still the borne-down spirit gazes beyond nature for a loftier object of praise. The world offers no lovelier, completer garb than that which Human Loves can show; and yet the soul of man was made to praise an Infinite Love.

Come back to Isaiah, God's messenger to heavy spirits. He reports the words of another who says he is appointed of God to give the Garment of Praise in exchange for the spirit of heaviness. Generations afterwards Jesus Christ stood up in the Nazareth synagogue to declare that he was that appointed one.

This, then, is the blessed truth, viz.: The real Praise Garment bears a heavenly stamp, and our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, is divinely appointed to give one to every heavy spirit.

And now let us take this wonderful Garment, the only one worthy the name Praise, into our hands and examine it. Its texture is unearthly. Warp and woof proclaim its Divine maker. The sheen of its folds is like the sheen

NOT OF
HUMAN
DEVICE.
1 COR. I. 20.

A FREE
GIFT.
ISAIAH LV.
1-3.

upon the wings of angels who praise Him day and night unceasingly; yea, brighter than theirs, for, behold, one glowing stripe is stamped "Praise for Pardoned Sins," and angels know not the joy of sin pardoned.

The bliss of forgiveness; a submissive will, which has "found its center and is still"; a confident dependence upon God; an absolute calm down in the depths of emotion; a sure expectation of light along the path ahead; a devoted service here and anticipation of service in full light beyond: such rare threads as these are woven into praise to our God.

Too beautiful for every-day wear? And yet if we wear them not every day we shall always feel awkward in these garments, and the probability is we shall become at last quite indifferent to their beauty.

Does a king bestow upon the members of his household royal robes, and feel pleased to have these cast aside for homespun? As daughters of a King we are offered rich garments of Praise for everyday use, whereby our King is to be honored, his glory declared, the wonders of his power and love proclaimed. Will a daughter reply to her King, "I mourn an earthly love; I cannot praise but only weep," or "I toil so hard life is heavy and wearisome; I have no strength to praise." Another, "I carry a thorn in my flesh; 'tis unkind of the King; I cannot praise such an one," or yet again, "He gives me poverty and pain; why praise him at all?"

Observe Isaiah's message carefully. He does not say the Praise Garment is the production of a heavy spirit. Its origin is from without, and it is to be used in exchange for heaviness, which must be yielded up. And further on he definitely names as the cause for praise, "Salvation" and "Righteousness," centering in God.

The truth is, if we wait for our lives to become entirely free from cares and vexations, entirely fortunate and happy, we shall never be ready to take and wear our Garments of Praise.

The reasons for praising God abide, permanently mighty and convincing, whether we live care-free or walk under a yoke. They focus in God. He himself is enough. He assured Abraham that his own companionship was an exceeding great reward.

Sit and realize somewhat of the Infinite Father, and you find praise welling in your heart and wrapping about your life as a garment, while

"The cares that infest the day,
Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Oh, the heavy in spirit who have never so much as heard of the Garment of Praise! Women who rise from restless nights to take up repulsive cares with dull, hopeless hearts; eager, seeking women who propitiate their false gods with self-tortures through long years and still seek peace in vain; loving mothers who lay away sweet children and give them up so forever, knowing not the hope beyond the grave; child-women who never had a heart to play, overborne with womanhood too soon; narrow lives in zenanas and harems, shut away from the largeness of God's gifts; sinful, ruined, despairing womanhood! There is, there must

be, a Garment of Praise for each. They wait—till those who have tested the worth and beauty of this heaven-born gift shall pass on to them the news of that Appointed One who longs to enrich thus every child of earth.

The Thank Offering season will mean much to us or nothing, according as we are clad in praise or walk in heaviness.

Praise is the natural utterance of a redeemed soul. Gladness shines in the eye, love speaks in the voice, sympathy is felt in the handclasp; gratitude for God himself first, and all his ways and will next, sings with melody in the heart.

Complaints—vain wishes—worryings—distrusts—bitterness—these things which have made up the sum of our heaviness, away with them! What the Redeemer will do with such a load of debris we know not, it matters not. Sufficient for us, sufficient for Him, if we don the Garment of Praise and walk henceforth true Daughters of a King!

SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

CHINA.

Outlook, Aug. 31. "China, a Year after the Siege in Peking," by Rev. Arthur Smith, missionary of the American Board.

North American Review, September, "Chinese Exclusion, a Benefit or a Harm?" by Ho Yow, Imperial Chinese Consul-General.

JAPAN.

Atlantic, September, "Japanese Plants in American Gardens," by Frances Duncan. One is surprised to learn of the large number already at home in our land,—Cherry, Apple, Dogwood, Magnolia and Judas trees among flowering plants, with varieties of Maples and Evergreens, all distinguished by the quality of being "admirable, and at all seasons of unfailing interest."

AFRICA.

Independent, August 29, "The Boer War To-day and To-morrow," by Poultney Bigelow.

McClure, September, chronicles the discovery of a new beast in the Congo forests, by name, Okapi. The discoverer, Sir Harry Johnston, gives us drawings from life of the creature's beautiful head and grotesque body.

TURKEY.

Contemporary Review, August, "The Early History of the Turks," by Geo. Washburn, D.D.

BOHEMIA.

Independent, August 29, "King of Bohemia" by Irenaeus P. Stevenson.

SPAIN.

Critic, September, "'Electra,' and the Progressive Movement in Spain," by Havelock Ellis

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in the First Congregational Church, Pittsfield, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday, November 6th and 7th. All ladies interested are cordially invited to be present. A meeting specially for delegates will be held in the chapel of the church on Tuesday, November 5th. The ladies of Pittsfield will be happy to entertain all regularly accredited Branch delegates and missionaries during the meeting. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names before October 5th to Mrs. James W. Hull, 40 Appleton Avenue, Pittsfield, Mass., chairman of the entertainment committee. For delegates and others who may desire to secure board suitable places at reasonable rates will be recommended on application to the above address.

The subject of the meeting is to be "The Effect of Present Conditions on Woman's Work for Woman in Foreign Missions." Addresses are expected from a large number of missionaries; Miss Mary E. Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke College; Miss Susette Sorabji, of Poona, India, and Miss Shile Ngang Lee from China, and others.

The New England Passenger Association has granted reduced rates on the certificate plan; namely, one full fare to the meeting and one third rate returning. Circulars containing full particulars of the arrangement may be had on application to Branch secretaries or to Miss M. T. Caldwell, 704 Congregational House, Boston.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

October.—The Transformation of Japan. See LIGHT AND LIFE for September.

November.—Thank-offering Meetings.

December.—Review of the Year. For the year 1902 see page 454.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.

THE THANK-OFFERING MEETING.

For the help of busy members of committees we give a suggestive program for such a meeting, which can be altered to suit individual societies:—

Singing. Scripture Reading or Responsive Service. Reasons for Thankfulness. Opening of the Twentieth Century. Prayers, with special reference to China, her missionaries and native Christians, the work for the orphans in Turkey and India, or any missionary especially dear to the Auxiliary. Missionary Address or Story. Singing while collection is taken and counted. Reading texts in envelopes. Prayer and closing words.

RESPONSIVE SERVICE.

SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL }
BLESSINGS. } Leader, Rev. vii. 12; Response, Psalm lxxv. 11.

SINGING.

Leader, Psalm lxxvi. 1; Response, Psalm c. 2. Leader, Psalm c. 2, 1st and 2d cl.; Response, Psalm c. 3, 1. c. Leader, Psalm xcvi. 1, f. c.; Response, Psalm, xcvi. 1, 1. c. Leader, Psalm xcvi. 2, f. c.; Response, Psalm xcvi. 2, 1. c.

THE UNSPEAKABLE }
GIFT. } Leader, Luke i. 46; Response, Luke i. 47. Leader, John i. 1; Response, John i. 3, 4. Leader, John i. 14, f. c.

OUR UNION }
WITH CHRIST. } Response, John iii. 1. Leader, Rom. viii. 16; Response, Rom. viii. 17, f. c. Leader, Matt. xx. 28; Response, 1 Peter ii. 21, 1. c.

SINGING.

*Leader, John ix. 4; Response, John x. 16. Leader, John xv. 7; Response, John xv. 8. THE RESULTS OF }
Leader, Is. lx. 8; Response, Is. lx. 2, 1. c. Leader, Is. lx. 3; Response, Is. lx. 9, f. c. Leader, Is. lii. 7, f. c.; Response, Is. lii. 7, 2d cl.

SINGING.

Leader, Zech. ix. 10, l. c.; Response, Psalm lxxii. 16, f. c. Leader, Psalm lxxii. 16, l. c.; Response, Psalm lxxii. 18. Leader, Psalm lxxii. 19, f. c.; Response, Psalm lxxii. 19, l. c.

SINGING.

Portions of A Meditation and A Prayer from *Mission Studies* of September, 1900, would make a fitting conclusion. Bring to the meeting with your extra gifts also a new determination to serve the Master, and the blessing promised to those who give will remain with your Auxiliary during the year.

If desired, the complete printed Responsive Service can be obtained of Miss A. R. Hartshorn, 704 Congregational House, Boston, and also at the rooms of the *Woman's Board of the Interior*, at the rate of 20 cents for 100 copies. Address Secretary, Room 603, 59 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Suitable leaflets can be had by application to both places.

M. J. B.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from July 18, 1901, to August 18, 1901.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas. Bangor, Mabel Henry, 1, Aux., 20; Calais, Cong. Ch., Dau. of Cov., 4; Hancock Co. Conf., Coll., 2.87; Rockland, Miss Spofford's An. bequest, 25; Searsport, Givers and Gleaners, 5; Thomaston, Aux., 5, 62 87

Western Maine Branch.—Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Mrs. Fenn, 50; Fryeburg, Aux., 2.50, Friends, 1.75; Limerick, Ladies, 10; North Berwick, in mem. of Mrs. Ellen F. Hobbs, 63.84; Portland, Second Parish Ch., 14.32. Less expenses, 50 cts. 141 91

Total, 204 78

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Lebanon.—Mr. George M. Amsden, 6 00

New Hampshire Branch.—Mrs. Allen L. French, Treas. Dover, Aux., 29; Keene, First Cong. Ch., Aux. (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. E. P. Drew, Mrs. H. E. Reid), 34.25; Lancaster, Cradle Roll, 7.50; Lebanon, Aux., 9.25; Merrimack, Aux., 27; Milford, Aux., 61.80; Mount Vernon, Aux., 21.65; North Hampton, Aux., 25; Seabrook and Hampton Falls, Aux., 11; Somersworth, Aux., 56; Swanze, Aux., 5.50; Tilton and Northfield, Aux., 39.84; Troy, Aux. (of wh. 25 const L. M. Mrs. Franklin Ripley), 28; Webster, Aux., 10.50, 366 29

Total, 372 29

LEGACY.

North Hampton.—Legacy of Abbie Gore, in part, through Treasurer of New Hampshire Branch, 500 00

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Dorset, a friend, in mem. of Mrs. Helen S. Williams, 10; Highgate Centre, C. E. Soc., 2, King's Dau., 1;

Lamoille Co., 100; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., 8.90; Townshend, 3; Windham, C. E. Soc., 10; Wilder, Aux., 9; Dau. of Cov., 5, 148 90

Total, 148 90

LEGACY.

Greensboro.—Legacy of Mary E. Keniston, 62 29

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. G. W. Dinsmore, Treas. Burlington, Aux., 10; Lawrence, Trinity Ch., Aux., 32.50; Cradle Roll, 15; Billerica, Aux., 17; Lowell, Highland Ch., 15; Maplewood, C. E. Soc., 10; West Medford, W. C. L. (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Catherine K. Ham), 17; Winchester, Aux. (25 by Mrs. M. A. Herrick, to const. L. M. Mrs. Sarah C. Harris), 116; Miss. Union (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Alexander Foster), 20, 252 50

Barnstable Branch.—Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Falmouth, Aux., 25; Orleans, S. S. Miss. Soc., 10, 35 00

Boston.—Mrs. Alfred Blanchard, 1 00

Campello.—Mr. S. H. Foss, 2 00

Essex South Branch.—Miss Nannie L. Odell, Treas. Lynn, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 15 00

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas. Northampton, Edwards Ch., Gordon Hall Band, 56 cts.; Norwich, L. A. Soc., 3; Worthington, Aux., Mrs. Hubbard, 7, 10 56

Haverhill.—M. L. C., 2 00

Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Natick, Aux., 10; Cradle Roll, 5.63; Milford, Aux., 10; South Framingham, Aux., 51; South Natick, Aux., 10; Wellesley, Aux., 46.50, 133 13

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Braintree, Aux., 7; Brockton, First Ch., Aux., 20; South Weymouth, Union Ch., Aux., 10, 37 00

No. Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. L. R. Hudson, Treas. Shirley, Cong. Ch., C. E. Soc., 20 00

Old Colony Branch.—Miss Frances J. Rumlens, Treas. Attleboro, Aux., 14, Second Cong. Ch., C. E. Soc., 10; Berkeley, C. E. Soc., 1; Fall River Aux., 28.25, Junior Willing Helpers, 92.09, Fowler Ch., C. E. Soc., 3.50; Lakeville, Aux., 10; Marion, Aux., 25; Middleboro, Aux., 13.10; North Middleboro, Aux., 11; Norton, Aux., 58; Rochester, Aux., 65 cts.; South Attleboro, Aux., 5; Westport, Aux., 15, 286 59

Springfield Branch.—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas. Miss Grisell M. McLaren, 20; Indian Orchard, C. E. Soc., 5; Springfield, Olivet Ch., Aux., 15.50, Park Ch., Aux., 21.52, South Ch., Aux., 40; Three Rivers, Cradle Roll, 5, 107 02

Suffolk Branch.—Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Auburndale, Miss S. B. Matthews, 5, Aux., 50; Boston, Berkeley Temple, C. E. Soc., 12; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux. (of wh. 11.18 Cradle Roll), 16.18; Chelsea, Third Ch., Floral Circle, 10, Cradle Roll, 11.85; Doverchester, Second Ch., Aux., 66.65; Everett, First Ch., Cradle Roll, 13; Foxboro, Aux., 35; Franklin, Mary Warfield Miss. Soc., 20; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., 51.50; Medfield, Aux., 10; Norwood, Aux., 56; Roxbury, Highland Ch., Aux., 29.31; Immanuel Ch., Aux., 17.50; South Boston, Phillips Ch., Aux., 72.08; Waltham, Cong. Ch., Cradle Roll, 10.56; Somerville, Prospect Hill Ch., Woman's Union, M. C. S., 10, 496 63

Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. Martha D. Tucker, Treas. Gilbertville, Aux., 57.75; Leicester, C. E. Soc., 12; Warren, Aux., 16; Whitinsville, Aux., 754.50, King's Dau., 80, E. C. D. Band, 17.09; Winchendon, Aux., 27.50; Worcester, Hope Ch., Aux., 10, Old So. Ch., First C. E. Soc., 20, Plymouth Ch., Mrs. Berry's S. S. Class, 1.50, Union Ch., Heralds of the King, 4.15, 1,000 49

Total, 2,398 92

LEGACIES.

Hamilton.—Legacy of Mrs. Mary P. Allen, by Mrs. Harriet A. Fitz, Extrix, 300 00

Springfield.—Legacy of Roxalana C. Kibbe, additional, Henry W. Bosworth, Extr., 4,200 00

Worcester.—Legacy of Albert Curtis, 20 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Riverside.—Mrs. George B. Page, 10 00

Total, 10 00

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Bristol, C. E. Soc., 10; East Windsor, Cradle Roll, 10.32; Farmington, Aux., 10; Glastonbury, Aux., 4; Newington, Y. L. Soc., 30; Rockville, Aux., 45; Tolland, Aux., 10; Wethersfield, C. E. Soc., 65.04, 185 36

New Haven Branch.—Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Barkhamsted, C. E. Soc., 2; Bethlehem, Jr. C. E. Soc., 4; Bridgeport, West End Ch., Aux., 10, C. E. Soc., 5; Cornwall, Aux., 14; Cromwell, Aux., 12.43; East Haddam, Aux., 11.60; Goshen, Aux. (const. L. M.'s Mrs. Delton Ostrom, Mrs. James Stewart), 50; Greenwich,

Aux., 21.14, Bearers of Light, 29.15; Hotchkissville, C. E. Soc., 10; Litchfield, Aux., 78, C. E. Soc., 16.40; Middlefield, C. E. Soc., 4.54, Friends, 2; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 88.93, Cradle Roll, 13.80, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2.80; New Haven, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 10.75, United Ch., Aux., 405; Montgomery, Aux., 2.06, C. E. Soc., 100, Welcome Hall, Light Bearers, 6; New Milford, Y. L., 51.08; New Preston, Aux., 35, C. E. Soc., 5; Newtown, Aux., 5; North Branford, Aux., 2, C. E. Soc., 4.80; Norwalk, King's Dau. 15, S. S., 25; Orange, Aux., 4.75; Plymouth, C. E. Soc., 5; Redding, Aux. (25 const. L. M. Miss Jane Sherwood), 27; Roxbury, Aux., 30; Salisbury, Aux., 20.33; Saybrook, Aux., 25; Sharon, Busy Bees, 50, Cradle Roll, 6.11, C. E. Soc., 10; Shelton, Aux. (const. L. M. Mrs. W. G. Lathrope), 25; South Canaan, C. E. Soc., 3.30; Stamford, Aux., 25, Y. L., 24.88; Stratford, Aux., 52.72, Y. L., 42, Oronoque S. S., 5, Alpha Circle, 5; Wallingford, Aux., 6; Waterbury, First Ch., Aux., 25, Third Ch., Aux., 10; Westchester, C. E. Soc., 2; West Cornwall, C. E. Soc., 25; Westport, Aux., 18.62; Winsted, Second Ch., Aux. (50 by Mrs. C. J. Camp const. L. M.'s Miss Alice W. Emerson, Miss Helena B. Alford, and 12 with prev. contri. by Aux., const. L. M. Miss Grace M. Garvin), 62; Woodbury, V. G., 35, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 20.21, A friend, 1, Miss Ogden, 30, 1,638 40

Total, 1,823 76

LEGACY.

Trumbull.—Legacy of Mrs. Anna A. Edwards, Lewis Brinsmade, Exr., 200 00

NEW YORK.

New York City.—News stand, 25

New York State Branch.—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas. Brooklyn, Willoughby Ave. Chapel, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10.39; Fairport, Aux., 6.50, 16 89

Oakdale.—Mrs. W. E. Newton, 5 00

Total, 22 14

LEGACY.

Himrods.—Legacy of Hester Ayres, additional, Jacob T. Ayres, Exr., 426 98

TURKEY.

Adabazar.—High School, C. E. Soc., 26 49

Aintab.—Girls' School, 3 00

Harpoot.—Woman's Missionary Soc., 6 60

Total, 36 09

CEYLON.

Jaffna.—Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, 4 99

Total, 4 99

CHINA.

Foochow.—Girls' School, 7 24

Total, 7 24

General Funds, 4,887 61

Gifts for Special Objects, 141 50

Variety Account, 25 40

Legacies, 6,249 27

Total, \$11,303 78



President.

MRS. A. P. PECK,
Oakland, Cal.

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1275 Sixth Ave., Oakland, Cal.

Home Secretaries.

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2639 Durant Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

MRS. W. J. WILCOX,
576 East 14th Street, Oakland, Cal.

Treasurer Young Ladies' Branch.

Miss GRACE GOODHUE, 1722 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MICRONESIA.

A PLEA FOR A NEW MORNING STAR FROM A WORKER
IN THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

MARCH 6, 1901.

I FULLY intended this letter should have been written and sent to you the last chance we had to send mail, but I did not find time to write it. Mr. Walkup was here for a few weeks from the Gilbert Islands, and we took this opportunity of sending mails to the teachers. The writing of this used up every spare moment. We felt it our duty to write to them even if we had to let other letters wait, for we only have about one chance a year to send them letters; and we know they need every bit of encouragement we can give them. Their trials and temptations are so many, and they have much to contend with.

The looking forward to the coming of the Morning Star was always a help, and the means of strengthening them to press onward, that they might have a good report to give to their old teachers when they should once more meet them face to face; but now even that little bright spot is taken out of their lives. I felt sorry for Mr. Walkup that he would have to return to the Islands and face the people, and in answer to their eager inquiries he would have to tell them that a vessel had come directly from San Francisco in December, yet not a word did any one write about a new Morning Star.

According to the English law Mr. Walkup has been forbidden to carry more than two passengers, and really, judging from the size of his vessel, he ought not to take more in addition to his sailors. Will anything ever be done about building us a new Morning Star? This waiting means so much to the work. To us who see it all so plainly it does not seem right. But I will not say more about it. I will just hope by the time this reaches you that you will be able to write back to me there is an addition to our Micronesian navy.

MRS. TWICKER'S CONFESSION.

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

"I REMEMBER I'd just been blacking my stove a little one morning," said Mrs. Twicker, "and I stood and looked at it, brush in hand, and I said, 'It don't shine very bright, but it don't look as if the heathen lived here quite as much as it did before I touched it.'"

"That word 'heathen' reminded me of something. Day before at meeting, our president, Mis' Pierson, had tried to get me to subscribe for a little foreign mission paper.

"'It isn't but sixty cents a year,' said she, 'and its real interesting.'"

"And I up and answered her, 'You *know* I never have anything to do with foreign missions! I believe in home missions, and I help them all I can; but I *don't* believe in foreign. No, I'm not going to take the paper. It isn't the sixty cents, but its something I don't believe in, this foreign missions.'"

"'You pray for foreign missions, though,' she said.

"'I don't,' I answered, getting contrary right away.

"'Yes,' went on Mis' Pierson, 'you pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'"

"'Well, that doesn't mean foreign missions,' I said.

"'What else does it mean?' she asked.

"And then she went off and didn't trouble me any more. Maybe she remembered how I'd helped pack the home mission barrel last October. I sat up nights and nights making aprons and dresses and sacks for that home missionary's little girls, and I give some of my best dried peaches and a couple of sheets, and spent three afternoons helping fix a quilt for the barrel; and I made the home missionary's three boys three pairs of leather knee-caps and wrote with them what they was for, though whether that home missionary's wife could make them wear them I don't know, but she'd better, for boys do wear out their knees awful.

"And to think, after all that, our president should come to me about *foreign* missions!

"It bothered me some what she said about 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' My little girl Katie and I had always said the Lord's Prayer together every night after her little prayer was over, and of course every night I began to remember what our president said. But said I to myself: 'I ain't going to let that bother me. It's as much my prayer as Mis' Pierson's, and it don't mean foreign missions.'

"And I don't know as it would have fetched me if it hadn't been for a mistake my little girl Katie made some time afterwards. She is seven years old. I never have made her do any hard work, of course; only some little errands and things such as a child of her age ought to do at home. Wiping dishes nights was one of the things. And I'd notice that for a couple o weeks she had let those dishes lie in the pan in the sink after I'd wash them, and she'd wait two hours or so, till it was 'most her bedtime, before she'd fly around and wipe them.

"I didn't like that, and one night I asked, 'What makes you wait so long before wiping those dishes?'

"'Cause,' she said, her voice kind of trembling.

"'Because what?' I kept on. 'You let them go every night till it's most your bedtime. You used to do them up right away.'

"And Katie, she just burst out crying then, and she cried and cried, and I tried to make out what she said, and at last I heard her say she wasn't going to pray any more. She didn't believe God ever heard little girls' prayers.

"'Why?' I asked, astonished. 'What's that got to do with the dishes?'

"Well, she cried some more, and, come to find out, every night when I'd washed the dishes she'd prayed that the Lord would send somebody to wipe them, because she hated to do it herself. She'd gone off into the sitting-room and prayed, and waited for the somebody to come wipe those dishes; but nobody ever came, and she had to wipe them herself every night before she went to bed. And now she wasn't going to believe in praying any more.

"Well, you know, of course, I had to sit right down and explain to her how the Lord always expects us to answer our own prayers as far as we can, and I told her how he gave her her hands and her strength to help mamma with, and he expected her not to be lazy. *She* was the somebody He expected would wipe the dishes. And after the child understood how it was, she up'n wiped the dishes as nice as could be.

"When I came to put her to bed I heard her say her prayer, and then

she'n I both said the Lord's Prayer together same's usual. Now, I'd never been able to say that, since the president spoke, without thinking of what she said about 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' meaning foreign missions. And it come to me that night and bothered me more than usual. Hadn't I just been telling Katie that the Lord always expects us to answer our own prayer as far as we can? And if the Lord's Prayer did mean foreign missions, was I doing what I'd told my little girl to do?

"Now, if there's any kind of botheration I do hate, it is a thought that follows you, and pesters you, and won't let you alone. And that's the way this thought behaved. It tagged after me all the evening till I just dropped my work, and said I, kind of provoked, 'I'll reason it out.'

"You see I hadn't any idea but I'd come out ahead after I'd reasoned a little and got it clear. I was sure I was right. It was pretty hard reasoning, too, I did, because, you know, a woman like me that's always thought she'd had sense for all her doings does hate to give in that she's been wrong.

"'Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'

"'On earth' didn't seem to mean only 'at home.' Think of changing the Lord's Prayer, and saying, 'Thy kingdom come at home, and no matter whether it comes anywhere else or not;' how could I? And what was I a-praying for the rest of the earth for, if I wasn't doing a thing toward answering my own prayer?

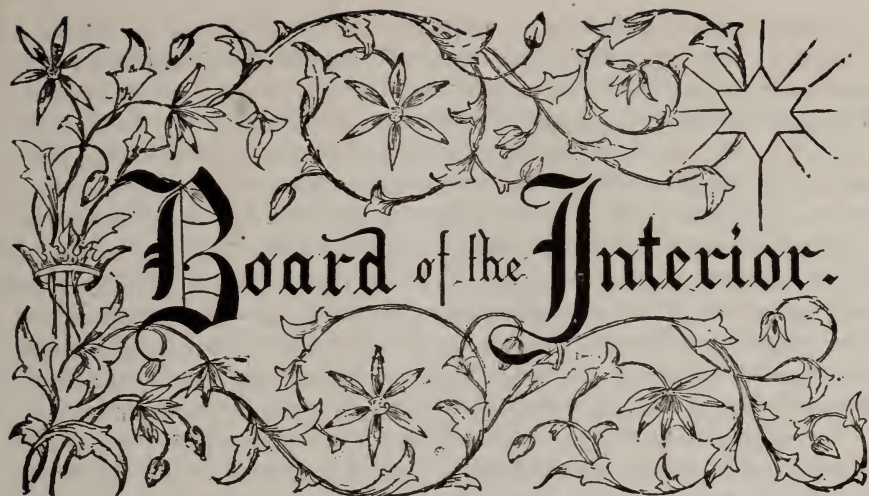
"Well, now, I didn't exactly expect to do that kind of reasoning. It went against the grain, I tell you. But at last I owned up.

"Said I to myself, 'I have been a-praying for foreign missions. I've prayed for them all my life, and I do declare I'm not going to be worse than Katie was about those dishes. When she understood about her prayers she went right to work, and now I've found out about the 'will' being 'done on earth,' I'm going to work.

"Well, I told our president she might send for that foreign mission paper for me, and she was considerable surprised, but she did; and I've read it faithful, and I've found out things upon things that I didn't know before. Why, you can't help being interested in foreign missions when you ain't ignorant of them. When you don't know how they're getting on, of course you're not interested. Folks may know lots about other things, and yet be the most ignorant kind about foreign missions.

"And this is how, from not believing in foreign missions at all, I've come to believe in them with every bit of grit I've got. Maybe it wouldn't be reason enough for some women, but it is for me."

OAKLAND, CAL.



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BRIDGMAN SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT.

PEKING, May 14, 1901.

MY DEAR MISS POLLOCK: The great event of the year is past, and the graduating exercises of Bridgman School are over. Five earnest Christian girls, who have been faithful students during these last few years, having now completed their course of study, are ready to enter upon the larger duties of life in the home and in the church.

It was a cause for the greatest gratitude that the end of the school year, which began so irregularly and with so much of uncertainty, should see so satisfactory a completion. Every heart was touched by the sight, because it meant so much to us all of God's "mysterious way" of performing his own will. "What hath God wrought?" "He hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad!"

The exercises were held in our chapel on Monday at 2.30 in the afternoon. The room was well filled with former Bridgman School pupils, invited missionary guests and a few deacons and teachers from the native brethren. We had decorated the chapel with flowers, grouping them in front of the platform. Dr. Sheffield, chairman of the Educational Committee, presided, and in his daughter's stead, and at her request, bestowed the diplomas upon the young women. It was a pretty sight to see father and daughter together on the platform, both representing as they did the interests of education in China; the one already having had thirty years of labor, the other just entering a field of service which gives such large promise for the future. The graduates read their essays with ease and distinctness, doing credit to the school from which they go. The exercises occupied nearly two hours, piano music and singing by the school adding variety and enjoyment.

The valedictorian of the class addressed a few appropriate words to Dr. Sheffield, who has kindly attended the yearly examinations during the last few years, and given many helpful words of encouragement and inspiration. After a word of thanks to Mr. Wang, the Chinese teacher of the school, she spoke most affectionately and tenderly to her teachers, expressing heartfelt gratitude for their forbearance and loving instruction, and regret that they could not in some way repay such love; then followed her parting words to school and classmates: "We are to be separated," she said, "but let our hearts be united as one, and let us pray one for another, and strive to follow the perfect example of our Master; and if we should not meet on earth again, we have the hope of meeting in our home above, which is waiting for us."

The dear girl's lip quivered and her voice trembled, but she went through the ordeal bravely. The experiences through which the school has passed the last year could but add to the sad suggestiveness of parting at this time.

In presenting the diplomas Dr. Sheffield reminded the class that this satin on which the characters were written, if hung on the wall, would in time catch the dust and become faded. Let this be a suggestive lesson to you, that only faithful effort on your part to retain and add to that which you have already received, only by care and earnest endeavor, will your lives be a bright, fresh, living testimony to others of that which you possess.

I must add a word about the graduates. They have made a delightful class to teach. The youngest is eighteen, the oldest twenty-two. Their minds have been very open to receive instruction, and as leaders their influence has been helpful in many ways. Thus they have won the love and confidence of their companions as well as that of their teachers. Our labor has not been in vain, they are better fitted for the next duty in life for having had this year of study.

Three of the class live in or near Pao-ting-fu, and two belong to the Peking outstation of Cho-chou. Two will be married this summer and another one is engaged. The other two are well fitted to be teachers in the school; one especially is a very good scholar, tactful, sweet-tempered, earnest and faithful. She gives promise for large usefulness.

It was a wonderful Providence which left five out of eight such girls to graduate in this memorable year. We were most fortunate to have four members in each of the three next lower classes. With this number the work of the year has seemed well worth while, and we are thankful for it.

I am personally very glad to have had this opportunity of being in this school for our North China Mission. I have come to love the girls very much, and their love to me has in a measure supplied that loving, longing desire to do for the girls in Pang-Chuang that which God, for some wise reason, has not permitted me to do for one long year.

When we first came out of the British Legation I had an opportunity to see something of the Tung-chou young women, who have been in Bridgman School in the earlier and later years; and this winter again in the Peking station I have come to know others, and my heart is more than full of praise and thanksgiving to God for what this school means to Christian young men, and what it is doing for the church even now.

It is a beautiful work. As we think of the ladies who from the beginning have given their lives to this school, we can certainly say that God has not forgotten their "work of faith," "labor of love and patience of hope." The names of Mrs. Bridgman, Miss Porter, Chapin, Haven (now Mrs. Mateer) will always be held in loving memory for what they have done for Bridgman School; those who follow them enter into their labors.

In closing I only ask that you with us thank God for Bridgman School. Let us also pray with renewed earnestness for its larger success in the years to come. "Establish thou the work of our hands." Amen.

A VISIT TO TOTTORI.

[The following extracts are from a letter written by Rev. D. C. Greene, D.D., of Tokyo, Japan, and published in the *Mission News* of Yokohama. They are of great interest as coming from the pen of one so familiar with the differing situations in Japan, and as giving some points of influence in woman's work among women and children which we do not always consider.—ED.]

OWING to the lack of funds at the disposal of the Mission, most of the work of the Outlook Committee had to be given up, but a way was found to meet the expense of a short tour in the Tottori field. Accordingly after

due consultation a programme was arranged for a series of gatherings to begin with a special meeting of the Tottori Ethics Club on the evening of May fourteenth.

The journey from Kobe, where I spent the preceding Sunday, was in every way delightful. For about two hours the Sanyō Railway, by far the best managed railway in Japan, offered its advantages. Great pains are taken to promote the convenience and comfort of travelers. A little more co-operation on the part of the travelers themselves in the matter of tidiness might be desired, but the officials do their part with care and assiduity. During that short ride of two hours, the floor of the cars was swept twice and wiped with a moist cloth at least once, while the seats, window frames, etc., were carefully dusted. There was a youth in neat uniform, who had on his collar, in gilt, spelled both in Roman letters and in Japanese phonetic characters, the English word "Boy." He was ready to render all kinds of service to the passengers and made himself most useful.

The railway ride over, I bargained with a man in waiting for a jinrikisha ticket, the price to be paid at Tottori, some fifty-five miles away on the northern coast. The entire trip from Kobe can theoretically be made in one day, but it would have to be an abnormally long day. As it was, I started from Kobe a little before one o'clock in the afternoon, and by the time I had finished sixteen miles of the jinrikisha journey I was quite ready to take lodgings at the very comfortable hotel where my *shafu* (jinrikisha coolie) set me down. This left a rather longer ride for the next day than I wanted, especially as I was booked for an address in the evening, so I arranged for an early start in the morning. The next morning the maid called me at half past three, and by half past four I was well on my way. The road lay over two high ridges, which I climbed on foot, and then, from the top of the second of these, for fully half the day's ride, there was a more or less rapid descent until the wide plain back of Tottori was reached. It was a delightful ride, a little cool, with some traces of frost in the early morning, but every way agreeable after the sun was well up, while the colors of the ever-changing landscape were never fresher or more attractive. It was about five when I arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bartlett; but before that I had fallen in with two parties who had come out to meet and welcome me to Tottori.

It was a great relief to be able to rest and freshen one's self up a bit before the evening. My hosts on their side did everything possible to promote the comfort of their guest. In the evening nominally at eight, but really at nine, the members of the Ethics Club gathered. Aside from the specially invited guests there were others present, so that the whole number

could not have been much less than forty. As Mr. Bartlett has described that particular meeting I need not enlarge upon it. It was certainly a pleasure to meet and to address such an audience, representing as it did so many different phases of Tottori society, and I was able to gain information on several social questions in which I am greatly interested. Naturally pains had been taken to secure a large attendance, but making every allowance for this effort, the fact remains that a considerable body of the most substantial men of the city meet every month to discuss, not academical questions, but questions of practical ethics with a definite view to raising the tone of the society in which they move. It was to me an inspiring thought. They were not all Christians, but the whole trend of their discussions, so far as I could learn, was in the direction of Christian ideals.

Mr. Bartlett wisely assumes no control over the club; its members choose their own subjects; but nevertheless he is a member of the club and shares to the full in its discussions. He is indeed its life, and the source of its inspiration.

The next morning I visited Mrs. Bartlett's club, as perhaps I might call it, a sort of sub-kindergarten, where some thirty or more little children meet every forenoon. There are forty on the list, I was told, but in the case of such young children the attendance is of necessity somewhat irregular. Here all sorts of children gather, even the extremely poor, but they mingle together in the most democratic fashion and with the heartiest enjoyment. Aside from the direct benefit to the children and the relief to the often overburdened mothers, both of which must be well worth their cost, the insight gained into the life of the various homes must be of great value. It is said that this nursery has been of great advantage to the Sunday school, and has made it easier to preserve in it an unalloyed religious spirit, since the opportunity is offered by the nursery to show the bearing of religion upon the daily life of the children, and thus take away the temptation to crowd the Sunday school hour with stories, ostensibly as a vehicle for moral teaching, but in which too often mere entertainment would seem to be the result.

The large meeting at the church and the smaller gathering of the Christians later on gave an opportunity to see something of the church life.

The Girls' School holds its own, in spite of the public high school for girls not long ago established in the city. This is so everywhere, not merely because the public schools are not large enough or numerous enough to meet the demand for female education, but also because the private school if under wise control can exercise a more helpful oversight over the pupils. Hitherto, however, the Christian schools have been and are still handicapped both by the lack of money and the difficulty of getting properly trained teachers.

The prominent impression made upon my mind by the visit was that Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett have made themselves to a most happy degree a part of the community in which they live. They are deeply sympathetic with the people; they keenly appreciate their trials and the difficulty of the problems that confront them. They have, I am sure, made known in a wide circle their conviction that only a strong, well-rooted Christian faith can relieve those trials and solve those problems, and that it must be a faith also which takes full account of the life which is to come. With all their interest in the problems of society, they are doing what they can to make the church with its worship and teaching the center of their work. Those who like them live near the people know what it is to bear their sorrows, for, in spite of their generally joyous exterior, the Japanese people are not unacquainted with grief.

D. C. G.

FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF HADJIN HOME.

THE religious interest in the school has been good. The first half hour in the morning has been as usual the time when the whole school assembled for devotional exercises, and the Senior and Junior Christian Endeavor Societies have done good work. In the late winter the religious interest deepened, daily meetings were held for some weeks, and at that time quite a number of our girls, some from Gregorian families, gave themselves to Christ.

During the year twenty-one of our girls were received into church membership.

The missionary society of Marthas has held interesting meetings monthly. Last year this society voted to undertake the support of one of the assistant teachers of the Bement sisters in Shao-wu, China; and to this end the girls pledged themselves to send \$25 yearly. Most of them gave written pledges to give a definite amount instead of depending upon the state of their purses and their inclinations when the time for the missionary meeting came round. This money is very largely earned by the girls themselves, the little ones earning theirs by carrying stone and earth, the older ones by their needles. The first of last January we were glad to be able to send to Chicago, not the \$25 promised, but a trifle over \$31; and this coming year we hope, in view of the peculiar urgency of the needs in China, to make the sum still more.

Mr. Chambers' two visits to our Home, and the brief visit of the Misses Webb and Miss Borel, just at the close of the term, have been pleasant events of the year. Another event of importance to our Home in the history

of the year has been the building of a new dining-room. This was made necessary by the fact of our being three American teachers, while the number of pupils has not been decreased. The new room is large, airy and sunny, and joins the main building to the south, being connected with it by an inside stairway; while it has the additional advantage of removing the noise, which must necessarily center in the main living room of so many girls, a little farther from our part of the house. The plan is to make the old dining-room into two bedrooms, with a hallway between.

Just after the four walls of the new part were up and the roof on, the work was suddenly stopped by the government, and the carpenters imprisoned for a week. They were, however, finally released, having suffered nothing worse than the loss of their time, and receiving a strict injunction never again to go to any place to work without a special permit to do so. It was our hope to get this building done without making a call upon any one from outside for funds, but it proved more of an undertaking than we expected, first in the digging down of what seemed a good part of one of the Hadjin mountains, and secondly in the money required. Still we hope that the burden may not be so heavy as to sink us in debt, and pray that God's blessing may rest upon this bit of apparently much-needed equipment for the successful carrying on of the work.

In one feature of the school work we notice a considerable advance over previous years—I mean in the amount of money received from the people for board and tuition. This money has this year amounted to more than fifty Turkish pounds.

• PEKING, CHINA, February 5, 1901.

DURING the past months many of you have prayed for the little Christian Chinese children. I want to tell you the sad experience of little Wen Mui and her little three-year-old sister. Her family name is Chang, and she lives in a village twenty-five miles northeast of Peking. Four years ago her father heard of Jesus, and he and his wife learned to pray and to read the Bible. When Wen Mui's maternal grandfather heard of it he said they must either give up their new religion or he would cast them out of the family. In time of weddings or feastings they would not be invited, and their names would be taken off the family record. Wen Mui's mother said, "Father, if I must make a choice, it is more necessary and far better that we be members of our Great Father's family, and we know we have found the true God."

The grandfather was very angry and would not again receive them into his family. Wen Mui's family joined the church, Christian Endeavor Society, and were very true and faithful. I saw them the last part of April, when the Boxers were just about to begin their persecution out in that region. They were troubled, but had no thought of recanting.

Day after day they heard that this church member and that one had been killed, and Mr. Chang said to his wife: "How can we endure such fearful suffering? Let us burn incense and our lives may be spared." After some talking they bought the incense, but after burning one stick, they said:

"No; we cannot do this even to save life;" and the rest of the incense was left at the temple. The father then went to a village where some relatives lived to see if they would hide them. They would not, and on the way home he was captured by Boxers and killed. Word was taken to his family. The rest of the story I get from little seven-year-old Wen Mui. She said: "When they told us my papa was killed by Boxers my mother cried very hard. Then she said we must pray. The next day an uncle came to see us. He is a very bad man. He told my mother that she would be all cut up by the Boxers, and she must take some quicksilver he had brought for her. It would be better to die that way than to fall into the Boxers' hands. She took one powder when he forced her to, but the others she refused. That night a workman came from my uncle's and took my mother and us down to the river. When we got to the bank he pushed my mother in. When I saw her struggling in the water I was afraid, and my little sister and I ran away. The man chased us, said he would throw us in too. He had nearly caught up to us, when a big dog caught him by the leg. We ran on and hid in a hole by the river bank. We stayed there all night. We were so afraid and my little sister cried and cried. It was cold, but we went to sleep, and in the morning went to my aunt's. They would not take us in, and for three days we went from house to house. Then all the villagers talked the matter over with the Boxers, and they said we might go to an uncle's and we would not be killed."

The little sister is still with the relations in the country, but Wen Mui is still in Peking. She is a contented, happy little girl, and enjoys going to school very much. The man who chased them died from the bite of the dog. Now the uncle who had their mother killed is trying to get the land that belongs to the children, but the church will see that it is kept for the two little girls.

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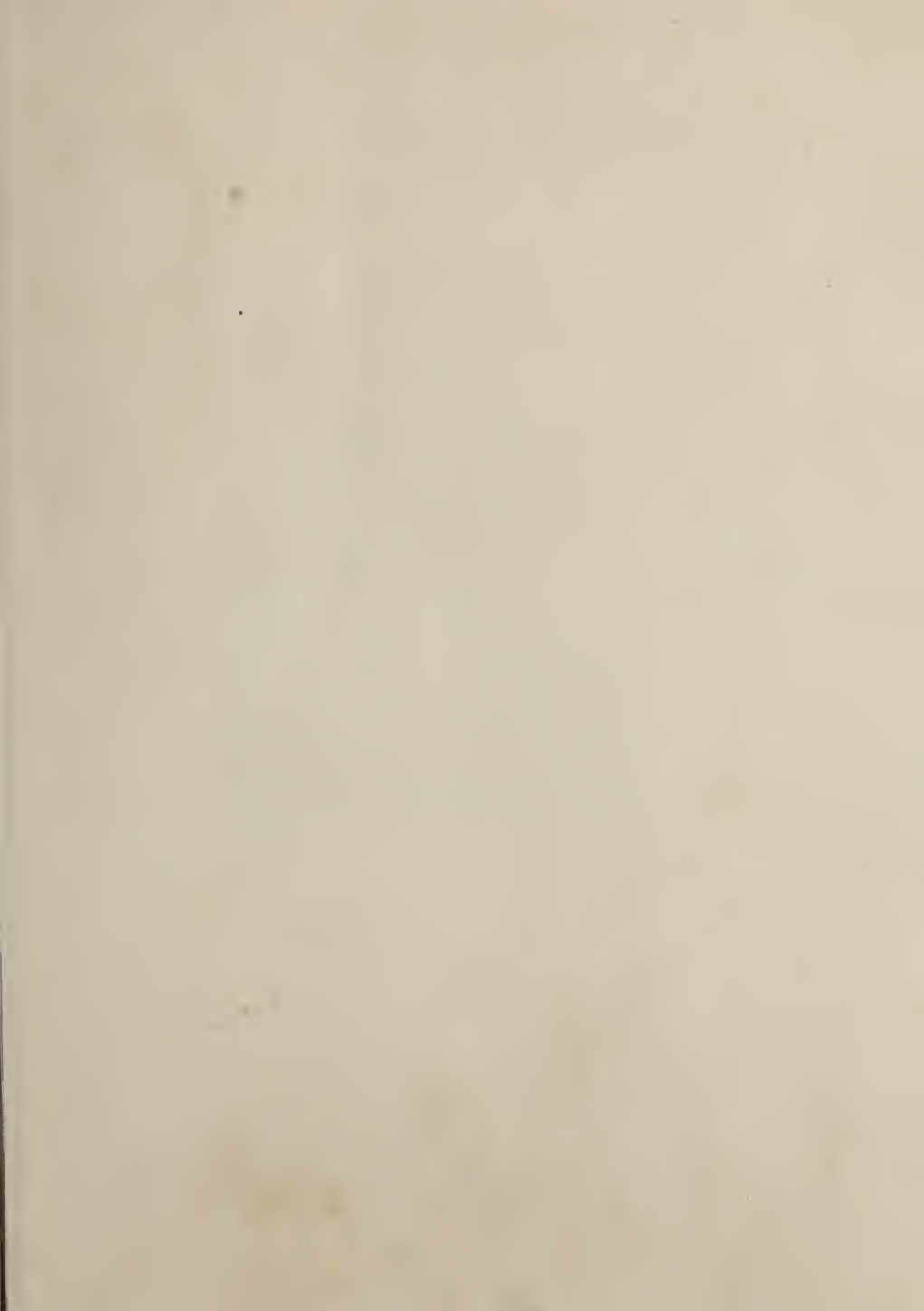
RECEIPTS FROM JULY 10 TO AUGUST 10, 1901.

COLORADO	164 25
ILLINOIS	1,000 54
IOWA	460 64
KANSAS	90 50
MICHIGAN	337 95
MINNESOTA	142 37
NEBRASKA	54 69
NORTH DAKOTA	37 25
OHIO	231 61
SOUTH DAKOTA	27 00
WISCONSIN	355 15
MASSACHUSETTS	5 00
TEXAS	10 00
TURKEY	40 38
MISCELLANEOUS	320 15
Receipts for the month	3,277 48
Previously acknowledged	37,898 53
Total since October, 1900	\$41,176 01

CENTURY FUND.

Received this month	134 15
Already reported	2,387 34
Total since Oct. 20, 1900	\$2,521 49
ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
Received this month	173 50
Already forwarded	763 13
Total since Oct. 20, 1900	\$936 63

MRS. E. M. WILLIAMS, Ass't Treas.



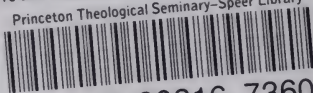
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